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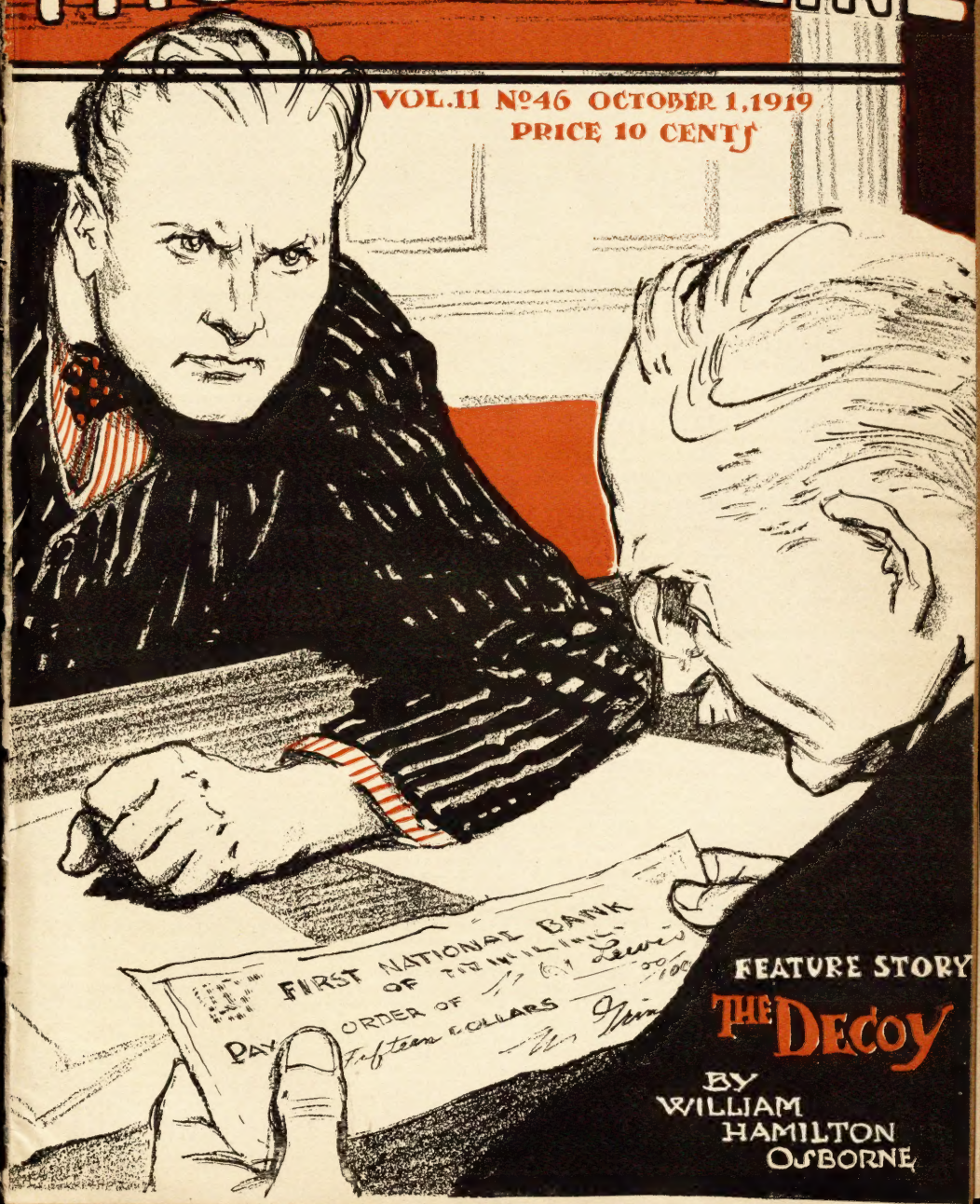

FEATURE STORY

THE DECOY

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

"THE HOUSE WITH THIRTY STEPS" IS OUR NEXT FEATURE STORY. READ IT!

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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THE DECOY

A STORY OF POLITICAL TRICKERY

By WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE.

IN one pocket—the right-hand, inside breast pocket of his coat—Jordan Lewis carried twenty-one hundred dollars odd in bills. They were crammed into a new, neat, pigskin wallet, adorned at one corner with his initials. This pigskin wallet was a token from his girl. In fact, she had conferred it upon him that very evening, and had watched, protesting, while he bulged it out of shape with the money that he carried. Lewis was very happy—the sensation of her warm, tender, clinging kiss was still upon him as he strolled along the street.

Perhaps, in the circumstances, he had no business to be out upon the streets—it was after twelve o'clock at night. But he was well accustomed to the carrying of money, and his present precious burden gave him no concern. Warm as the evening was, he kept his coat well-buttoned up. It was buttoned up when he entered the Napoleon Cigar Store on Second street, two doors from Main.

With some loose change he purchased a cigar or two. He lit one and leaned across the counter.

"Ballyhoo," he remarked in a low voice to the attendant.

The attendant seemed to recognize the expression as a countersign.

"I think I've seen you here oncet or twicet before," he returned; "go as far as you like."

Lewis strode into the rear of the store, apparently to telephone. He stepped into a booth, but failed either to seat himself or to take in hand the receiver of the instrument. Instead he thrust one hand gently but firmly against the rear partition of the booth. The rear partition yielded to his touch as would a door on hinges—in fact, the rear partition was a door. He stepped through the aperture and closed this door behind him, restoring the booth to its accustomed appearance.

A moment later he was in the gambling-rooms above.

Jordan Lewis, though he liked to gamble, was not, in fact, a gambler. His method was the proof of that. He never gambled unless he could spare the money. And then he never staked more than a five-dollar note, and if he lost he quit. On the other side of the slate he was a good sport—if he won he was apt to stake his winnings down again to his bottom stake of five.

He played roulette. To start his play it was necessary to put up money. To get the money it was necessary to unbutton his coat; necessary to draw forth the bulging wallet; necessary to dig out his roll. He did all this without fear. The place was safe. Every other man in the establishment carried a wad. In fact, so far as any fear of the safety of his money was concerned, he might have been at home, or in the private office of his concern.

He played roulette for an hour or so, steadily winning. When he quit he was one hundred and twenty-five dollars to the good. A year before he would have kept on playing, but in view of his particular need for this particular sum—he was going to buy a solitaire—he concluded to let well enough alone and quit.

Through all his play, while he found himself chatting easily enough with a certain man he knew, Lewis nevertheless failed to observe that this man watched his every movement—sized him up, in fact. This man's name was Grindstone; he was a stockbroker in town, a good sport, and a man of tremendous political influence. Lewis turned to say good-night when about to leave, but Grindstone was nowhere to be seen.

Three minutes later Lewis was on Main street. He buttoned up his coat. He patted his right-hand, inside breast pocket. Then he started—the pigskin wallet and its precious burden were no longer there.

He retraced his steps, searching the sidewalk every inch of the way. In the Napoleon Cigar Store he made known his loss to the attendant, who commiserated with him and reassured him of his certainty of finding the wallet on the floor or stairs above. Lewis plunged through the phony phone booth and, still seeking, crept slowly up the stairs. He recalled afterwards that this attendant, as he, Lewis, plunged through the booth, picked up a speaking tube and applied his lips to it. But he went on. In the room above he made known his loss, and Schumm, the head dealer, who seemed to be in charge, listened to his tale and searched the place, and further, leaped upon a chair and in his high-strung, nervous tones made known the loss.

The search was without avail. The pigskin wallet and its contents were gone—and gone for good.

Next morning, after a sleepless night, Lewis waited in the private office of Ormsby & Contrell. Contrell breezed in at length, with expectation on his countenance.

"Hello, Lewis," he exclaimed, "I waited for you till after six last night. Then I made up my mind that you'd lay over for to-day. But this looks like—say, did you pull her down?"

Jordan Lewis nodded soberly. "I did," he said, "and that man Wheeler fell for my talk. That proves that I'm a salesman, Mr. Contrell, at any rate. But he's got a good car, anyway. I sold the Keno to him for two thousand flat."

Contrell's smiling face broke into a broad grin of surprise and pleasure. He slapped Lewis on the shoulder.

"A salesman," he cried joyously. "I should say so, young as you are. Atta boy. I was right about you. And do you know what I think makes you a good man at the game? I believe that you believe every word you say—you seem to be absolutely sincere. At any rate, you get away with it. Good boy! Did you get his check?"

"That's it—that's what I came so early to tell you about, Mr. Contrell," gasped Lewis, wiping his forehead. "I got the cash—two thousand, cold. I put it in a wallet, with over a hundred dollars of my own."

Contrell himself changed color.

"You don't mean to say you've lost it?" he cried.

"Listen," went on Lewis, looking him in the eye. "I had it on me when I went into—into the Ballyhoo after twelve o'clock last night."

"The Ballyhoo!" echoed Contrell. "What kind of a place is the Ballyhoo?"

"It's called that," explained Lewis, "because the word's used as a sort of countersign. It's a gambling-house in town."

Contrell's face hardened.

"Go on," he said grimly.

"I put up five dollars of my own, and won over a hundred back at roulette. I quit. When I reached the street my wallet had disappeared."

His lips quivered, his face twitched, but his eyes were steady, and they looked squarely into the eyes of Contrell.

Contrell drew down the corners of his mouth. He eyed his young salesman with a glance of scorn.

"The old story," he said. "You dropped our money, the firm's money, on roulette. Well, we might have expected it. We took you on a chance. The man whose place you took turned the same trick. He comes from Baltimore, too. I suppose, perhaps, you're in league together."

Lewis listened. His face flushed angry red.

"I tell you——" he began.

Contrell thrust a forefinger into the younger man's face.

"My God," he cried brokenly, "to think of the ingratitude, and just now, when Ormsby and myself need money, need it the worst way. Just now when everybody needs money. I wouldn't mind when we're in clover. But nobody's buying cars, and this two thousand would have been a life-saver."

To Lewis it seemed as though the elder man were about to burst into tears of mortification.

Later, by permission of his employers, Jordan Lewis, well under surveillance, drove up to his sweetheart's home. He saw her alone and told her his story.

"Of course," he said, lamely, "the one thing that you didn't know, and they didn't know, is that I sometimes take a chance on roulette. But I'm not a gambler—I tell you I'm not. And what I do in that line is innocent enough. And I've told you, and them, the whole truth. Will you believe me? They won't."

Evelyn Homer believed him. But the one thing that she couldn't see—and she told him so—was his leaving her, kissing her, holding her in his arms, and then going straight to a vile gambling den. To her it was incomprehensible. If she had only known it she would have realized—or no, she wouldn't either—that his elation at getting her for his own was responsible for his entrance into the Ballyhoo. He had to let off steam somehow, and that was his way of doing it.

"At any rate," he said, "I'm not a thief, and you believe it. That's enough for me. I'm not a knave, and the average man wouldn't say that I've been a fool. If I'd been touched, walking in a crowd on Main street, nobody could have said a word. I got that cash from Wheeler, and I came straight here, and if from here I'd have gone straight home, why——"

Evelyn, with unwonted energy, clutched him by the arm.

"Why didn't you say so, you foolish boy," she cried. "Then nobody could complain. I could have shown that you left here with the money."

Lewis shook his head.

"I can't see any reason for not telling the truth. The only thing against me is that I went into the Ballyhoo."

Jordan Lewis, with another warm and gentle kiss upon his lips, but a kiss somewhat doubtful and reluctant this time, stepped into the firm's car. Two men jumped in behind him, and they rolled downtown again. Lewis went to see a lawyer. Ormsby & Contrell were perfectly fair. They told him they would make a serious charge, and they wanted him prepared.

"Tell me," said his lawyer, "everything that you remember."

Lewis thought. Suddenly he sprang up.

"By George," he said, "I forgot Grindstone."

The attorney looked at him sharply.

"Was Grindstone there?" he queried.

"Of course he was," went on Lewis, his spirits rising, "and he knows that I won—he watched my play."

"Come on," said the attorney, putting on his hat. "We can't talk to Grindstone over the phone. We'll see him; come along."

Five minutes later Grindstone, in the rear of his usually successful bucket-shop, deserted now, for this was early in the war time, welcomed the two men. Two minutes later he slowly shook his head.

"No use, Rufe," he said to Lewis' attorney, "my testimony would be worse than useless to you. In fact, if you called me it would have to be against you."

Later, without, Lewis caught his lawyer's arm.

"That shows there's a game, and that Grindstone's in it."

"Not at all," returned the attorney. "I understand his attitude. He doesn't want it known, particularly at this time, when he needs all the business he can get, that he frequents gambling-rooms. He means he won't talk, that's all. If we call him he'll say he wasn't there."

"The people at the Ballyhoo," suggested Lewis, "they know——"

"They'll know nothing," returned his attorney. "And besides, this case will operate to close them up—no thoroughfare. We'll try 'em, though, and see."

They tried and saw. Lewis was lodged in jail. He had only a few hundred, most of which he turned over to Ormsby & Contrell, and he could not get bail. He was tried and convicted of embezzlement. A day was set for sentence.

The judge of sessions before whom Lewis was tried was Judge Eugene Delannoy. Delannoy was a young native of the place, perhaps seven years the senior of Jordan Lewis. He had been a rising member of the bar. He was one of the youngest judges on the bench. He was in receipt of a salary of six thousand dollars a year.

Judge Eugene Delannoy and Jordan Lewis had one thing in common—each was in love with Evelyn Homer. And even after the trial Judge Eugene Delannoy did not know of the close intimacy that existed between the girl and the young convict. But before the day set for sentence, Evelyn, in common with many friends of Lewis, asked Delannoy for clemency.

"Evelyn," Delannoy said to her in his professional, or rather judicial tones, "I hear all you say and it all sinks in. Lewis is a friend of yours and a friend of mine. But I can't talk to you. Send your father here, and I'll tell him all my reasons and my views. You have done the right thing in coming here—you're a good staunch sport. And your coming has done good."

He didn't say what kind of good, or good to whom. Her coming had done good to him. For the first time in her life Evelyn Homer has asked him for a favor, had talked to him with some degree of confidential friendliness. It is to be feared that Evelyn used feminine art and wile in this instance. But she shivered and made a fascinating little *moué*.

"Ugh," she cried, "what an iceberg a judge is, anyway!" And before he could find time to respond, she disappeared.

Delannoy sent for the chief of police. He had no particular control over the chief, as the chief was a city officer and the judge was a county judge. But he felt that the chief would get him what he wanted. And the chief came, with alacrity—there was a reason.

"Chief," said the judge, in his private chamber, as he handed that functionary a good cigar, "of course, you didn't know anything about this Ballyhoo place, and when your attention was called to it by the notoriety of this case you closed it up."

"In a jiffy," said the chief, smiling.

"Chief," went on Delannoy, "this man Jordan Lewis is a friend of mine. What's more, he tells a straight story on the stand, and tells a straight story to me. His story is fishy, which makes me believe it all the more true. He could have said the obvious thing, and gotten away with it, and he didn't. Now, there's one thing I want of you. I want you to bring to me here the proprietor of the Ballyhoo."

The chief could not repress a start. This did not escape the judge.

"Me—the proprietor," returned the chief. "Why, judge, I don't know who he is—I didn't even know——"

"Tell that to the marines," said Delannoy calmly. "My sentence day begins at noon to-morrow. You bring here, before that time, the proprietor—the real man, now—of the Ballyhoo. If you fail, the prosecutor of this county will escort you here in the custody of county detectives. You can take your choice."

The chief, mumbling dejectedly that he'd do his best to find out the name and whereabouts of the Ballyhoo's proprietor, left hastily.

"I'll report," he said, "not later than twelve o'clock to-morrow."

The chief had not been gone an hour when another man was ushered in. The judge rose as he entered and shook him warmly by the hand.

This man was Grindstone, a stockbroker of the town and a man of political influence. He was a tall, spare man. His face wore a healthy pallor, as becomes a man of fair habits. His hair and mustache were grizzled and iron-gray. But he had a hard, hard face.

He slumped easily into a chair and flung one of his strong, lean legs over the arm. He lit the judge's cigar—a good one, too.

"Judge," he drawled finally, "you sent for me."

The judge searched his memory. Then he shook his head.

"Not I," he returned, "but glad to see you anyway. What can I do for you?"

Grindstone fixed the judge with his eye.

"I say you sent for me," he kept on, slowly. "Slayback told me. I'm the owner of the Ballyhoo."

The judge started in amazement—he actually turned pale.

"You?" he choked.

Grindstone nodded. "Slayback said you'd have to know or raise a riot—so I came. It's confidential, though." He raised a warning hand. "The place is closed, and I'm through with it, and there's no use of anybody knowing. See?"

The judge recovered his equilibrium. He did not know, and Grindstone did not say, that the Ballyhoo was only one out of four places of its kind. And Grindstone had not said he was through with the other three.

But the news seriously affected the judge—as an individual, not as the court of sessions. Grindstone's influence with the local senators and the governor had placed Delannoy on the bench. Grindstone and the local senators always placed clean men on the bench. With the other offices they did as they pretty well pleased. However, Grindstone never lost an opportunity to let Delannoy understand to whom he was indebted for the high—six thousand dollar—position that he held.

Grindstone waved his hand.

"I won't go into the Ballyhoo, or tell you how I came to fall into it. It has nothing to do with the question. All I can say is that I ran a straight game, and this is the first trouble that it's ever had, and I don't call this a square deal on the part of fate. Just because this Lewis comes into the place and loses his roll at roulette—"

"It's about Lewis that I wanted to see you," said the judge. "He says that you could testify—his counsel was afraid to call you, for some reason—that he won, and how much he won, and that he didn't lose, and that he staked five dollars and not a dollar more."

Grindstone withdrew his leg from the arm of the chair, and leaned across the desk, still fixing the young judge with his hard gray eye.

"Rufe Smith didn't call me, and for a blamed good reason. I'd have had to tell the truth. I've got nothing against this young Lewis—only he's closed the Ballyhoo."

The judge smiled. "That's in his favor, maybe," he interposed.

Grindstone waved aside the interruption impatiently.

"I was there that night," he went on, "and I watched this boy's play. I did it because he won from the start. I'm a gambler—I wouldn't dabble on the Street if I wasn't. And believe me, the Street game is a blamed sight dirtier than the other. And I always watch a winner. I'm interested. Some of these chaps have a system, sometimes they merely plunge. I like to size 'em up. Well, anyway, this chap Lewis won, for maybe half an hour, steadily. Then he lost, and lost his head, and his morals, and staked his roll. It's the old story. "He leaned back. "I'd a-done him a helluva lot of good if I'd gone on the stand," he said.

The judge stared for a long while at Grindstone.

"And that's the truth?" he queried.

Grindstone jerked out an energetic nod.

"So help me God, it is," he said.

At three o'clock next day—sentence day—Judge Delannoy sent Jordan Lewis away for a minimum sentence of two years. He told Lewis in open court that the jury had found him guilty after a fair trial; that the amount was considerable; that a former embezzler from Contrell & Ormsby had not been prosecuted, and that an example was essential. But many pleas had been received from friends, and the court, impressed thereby, and by the fact that this, so far as ascertained, was a first offense, was glad to be lenient. However, looking at the case from every angle, he felt that he must impose a prison sentence. Privately, in his chambers later, he told Evelyn Homer's father the true reason for his sentence—he had discovered in his own way what the jury of twelve men had decided from the evidence, that Lewis was a gambler, a thief, and a most accomplished perjurer as well.

Evelyn Homer was shocked at the sentence. She heard her father's explanation. She rejected it as false. She believed implicitly the story that Jordan Lewis had told her on the morning of his arrest. She had her own way of judging facts. But——

But—there was no solitaire upon the hand of Evelyn Homer. What transpired that fatal night between Jordan Lewis and herself was their secret, theirs alone. He had assumed her father's consent, but hadn't asked it.

And again, this is the twentieth century. Love lives, and romance is far from being dead. But modern life is complex and, quite unwittingly, often crushes both. Jordan Lewis was a jailbird, he always would be such. Stigma was branded upon him forever. And Evelyn Homer was modern and conventional—virtues; not defects.

Lewis released her the instant of his, arrest for the crime. And six months after his incarceration in States prison Evelyn married Eugene Delannoy. Delannoy was the real thing—one of the leading men in town. And Evelyn was happy, despite the fact that she could never be madly in love with a man like Eugene. No girl could who was honest with herself, and who loved for love's sake. But she got along, and now and then she thought of Jordan Lewis and how he looked that night.

Delannoy was happy. He felt that Evelyn was crazy about him. He was happy because he was on the bench and could order people around, members of the bar included; happy because he was always in the newspapers and in the public eye. And happy because—well, because he didn't hate himself. But, he was a good judge—a fair judge. And behind him stalked Grindstone, once in a while pulling the wool over the judge's eyes. For, there was no disguising the fact, Delannoy was apt to be a bit too severe on vice. He had never indulged in vice on his own account, and therefore couldn't understand its usefulness in a world of human beings.

He built a fine house and installed Evelyn in it; a house untainted by a mortgage, too.

A month before Jordan Lewis' term ran out, the judge one night received a shabby visitor at his home. He had many visitors at his home, shabby and otherwise. The papers spoke of him as the people's judge, and he did not deny himself to voters, nor to future voters, either.

But this scarecrow, it was quite apparent, would not live to be a voter long—only apparent, because he had looked that way for thirty years or more.

"My name is Matches," began this scarecrow, "Matches."

He paused, to strike a singular namesake and to light one of the judge's smokes—out of the five-cent box this time. He puffed at it for a moment, and stopped smoking it. Evidently, despite his appearance, he was accustomed to better cigars.

"You don't know me, judge," he went on, "but, of course, I know you—just like all the rest of us. But I've never been before you. Thank God for that!" He paused, fumbling in his pocket.

"Some friend of yours in trouble, Mr. Matches?" queried Delannoy.

"Not mine," returned Matches, "a friend of yours, judge, this man Jordan Lewis."

There was a rustle at the hangings of the door, the light tread of a woman's foot. But the judge did not hear the footstep, nor did he note the rustle of the silken curtain.

Evelyn stood at the door for an instant, looking in. She was about to steal away, when something arrested her attention. It was an action on the part of the man who called himself Matches.

"This—this here Jordan Lewis," went on Matches. He drew forth a pigskin wallet—one comparatively new—from his pocket and handed it to the judge. "This is his wallet," went on the old man, "his. Look it over."

The judge looked it over. It was, of course, the first time he'd seen it. It was a neat, expensive thing. And in the corner there had been initials. He could see that from the impression, still visible, left by them. The initials had been torn ruthlessly out of the leather, leaving little

gashes. The judge seized a magnifying-glass, and examined the case.

"R. I.," he conceded. "Well, his initials were R. I., at any rate. We'll say it's Jordan Lewis'; what then?"

But Evelyn didn't say it was Jordan Lewis; she didn't think it, she knew it. She had picked it out for him; she had given it to him with her own hands. She knew it across a space of fifteen feet.

Matches held out his hand for it, but the judge still retained it in his possession—a trick of prosecutors and of judges. Physical evidence is always valuable, or apt to be. "Go on," said Delannoy.

"I'll tell you the truth, judge," proceeded his visitor; "I ought to have told it on the witness-stand eighteen months ago. I could have put a crimp into the prosecution, I could have given Rufe Smith something to cross-examine on. I could have squirted light onto the whole blamed thing. But I had to make a living, and beside that, I was kept drunk a good part of the time. Now, Grindstone's treated me worse than a dog, and I'm going to tell the truth, and it is the truth; I'll show you——"

The judge stopped his flow of words.

"Grindstone?" he queried.

"Ah," said Matches, "Grindstone. Of course you know—everybody that was anybody at the time knew that he owned the Ballyhoo. And when this young Lewis come in that night, Grindstone watched him, watched him close. And he sized him up more ways than one, you understand. Well, when young Lewis went out, after stuffing some small winnings into a big roll he carried, Grindstone give the word to Shifty—I heard him my own self—he give the word to Shifty—and Shifty done the trick."

"What trick?"

"Lifted his roll," said Matches; "picked his pocket just before he left. I saw it done. And I saw Grindstone get the money. And he took it out of that there wallet and tossed the wallet back to Shifty to get out of the way—and I picked it up after Shifty'd tore the gold off it, and thought he'd burnt it up. I got it, and here it is. And it proves——"

"Ah," said the judge, "what does it prove? That's the point."

"If," went on Matches, "Lewis'd gambled his roll, he'd a done it bit by bit. He'd peeled off bills bit by bit. He'd have lost till his last dollar was gone. But—he'd have had his wallet. And he'd have kept his wallet. It was a new wallet, and a nifty one, and I'll bet somebody give it to him. See! And this'll corroborate his story and'll get him out of jail, and clear his name. Even if they don't believe me——"

"And they won't," said Delannoy decidedly.

"They'll believe the wallet, then," said Matches, "and I can get on the stand and tell what I seen and what I heard. I won't be treated like a dog. Grindstone has went too far. I served him faithfully for twenty years, and now——"

He held out his hand for the wallet. But the judge shook his head.

"No," he said, "I've got a duty to perform. I've got to investigate your story. Give me your address."

Matches hesitated.

"This here is in confidence," he said. "I don't want Grindstone to have me done to death. Give me your word."

The judge smiled. "Of course you have my word," he answered.

Matches wrote the direction down upon a piece of paper. The judge slipped it into the wallet and locked the latter in his desk.

"I'll investigate and let you know," he said; "good-night."

A week later Evelyn approached him as he sat in his library.

"You know," she said, with a catch in her voice, "I just happened to overhear the story of that old man Matches, about Jordan, the—the other night. Has anything come of it?"

The judge smiled soberly.

"Nothing; and nothing can come of it," he answered. "Curious story; I'll tell it to you." He did not know that she had it all by heart. "I've investigated"—by which he meant that he had sent for Grindstone, and heard his indignant denial of the whole thing—"and I find that human nature is the same all over. This drunken old fool has been a sort of charity of Grindstone's for years. He stopped giving him money to drink himself to death, and with the inevitable result. Attempted blackmail, and clever blackmail at that. Look at it."

"I don't have to look at it," she said; "I've seen it before."

"You have?" he queried in surprise.

"I should think so," she returned; "I gave it to Jordan Lewis on the night that this thing happened."

The judge rose to his feet.

"You gave it to——" He gasped. She did not meet his glance. She drew forth the slip containing the address of Matches. Swiftly she committed it to memory.

"Yes," she returned, "I gave it to him. That's one of the reasons why I know this old man's story is true. Gene," she went on, "I know it's true. I know it. And being true, there's only one thing for you to do. You've got to clear his name."

Delannoy sunk the man in the judge.

"This wallet wasn't mentioned at the trial," he said; "that is, this specific wallet, nor where he got it."

"Did you expect Jordan Lewis to drag me in."

"It would have been natural for him to."

"It would not have been natural for Jordan Lewis to drag me in," she retorted. "But that isn't the point. This will clear him, and you have the power to give him a new trial. Think, only think, what it will mean to him."

The next day she drove, during court hours, to the squalid quarters that Matches called his home. She found him. He received her with dignified courtesy.

"I'm doing a foolish thing in coming here, Mr. Matches," she explained. "I'm Judge Delannoy's wife, but I'm coming here on my own responsibility. And I'm putting myself in your hands."

Matches drew himself up.

"You are safe, lady," he returned, "on the word and honor of a has-been—for I've been. Yes; once I was——" His voice trailed off into guttural sadness.

"There's only one thing I want to know," she said. "About this Lewis matter—I heard you tell it the other night. There's one thing not clear to me. This man Grindstone is a big, successful man. I believe he ran the gambling house. But why should he descend to picking pockets? That's what I can't understand."

"That," said Matches, "is the simplest thing of all. You remember the beginning of the big war, when all Wall Street shut down and went broke, and begged, borrowed, stole, and went to jail. Grindstone went worse than broke. He had to use the money of his customers. He was in bad to the tune of thousands that night. And he hired Shifty to pick the winners' pockets—or the losers, either. Shifty got away with five of them that night, only four of 'em was drunks, that was all fixed. And the money Shifty got saved Grindstone. Grindstone had to do

it. I don't blame him. And he was safe with the drunks. Shifty wanted to try to rob this here Lewis, and Grindstone said to go ahead. He had to get this money at this time. Otherwise—I tell the truth—at other times Grindstone's been as square as the best of 'em. That's the explanation."

"Thanks," said Evelyn. She pressed a bill into the old man's hand.

"I believe your story," she said, as she left, "and I trust to your honor." And then she went.

Woman-like, she didn't tell her husband about her visit. But she did persist in her discussion of the case. Delannoy, with great good sense, answered her arguments.

"Listen," he explained; "I've put this up to the prosecutor himself, and we've had Matches at the court house, and put him through the third degree. He sticks to his story. But it has all the earmarks of a lie. The wallet is inconsequential. Lewis, at any rate a gambler, becomes, through his vice, an embezzler. At the last moment, realizing that fact, he finds he owes the house all or more than he's got. Grindstone says more. Under stress of great excitement, he tosses the wallet and its contents to the table, and storms out—or crawls out, as you choose. That's the story. That's all the wallet has to do with it. Matches, avowedly an outcast, palpably a bum, admittedly an avenger, and for twenty years or more the object of Grindstone's charity—where do you get? If it would get Lewis out of prison, and save his name, good. But it won't. We're satisfied it won't."

She stopped him.

"Listen," she said; "you indict a man sometimes almost on mere suspicion, trusting to the trial to bring out strong evidence against him. Here you've got an entering wedge. At least Matches will tell his story. I can tell about the wallet."

The judge held up his hand.

"Now we've got to another stage in the situation," he said. "What would you do? Matches' story will not be believed. I cannot afford a new trial merely on that."

"A new trial is discretionary with you," she reminded him. Evelyn was not the wife of a judge for nothing.

"The thing will be useless," went on the judge firmly. "It will do Lewis no good. He'll be out in a few weeks, anyway, at the best. But this won't clear his name. It will fall flat. And it will drag your name into the"—he was going to say mire, but didn't—"into the newspapers. It will reflect upon me. And it will cast a stigma upon Grindstone, for the best Wall Street men are open to suspicion."

"If the story's true it can't hurt me," she returned, "and if it's false it can't hurt Grindstone."

"Wrong," he replied, "for Grindstone would be forced to admit, on cross-examination, a fact known to many individuals, but not to the public as a public, that he was the owner of the gambling-house in question."

"Then," he retorted hotly, "it is your duty to convict Grindstone under the statute."

"Ah," he replied, "I shall do my best to do so when Grindstone is indicted for the crime and comes before me on the indictment. I am merely a court. It is for the people to indict." But he waved that question aside. "There will be no new trial of Lewis," he finally announced.

Jordan Lewis came back to town. He went direct to Evelyn. He made no excuses for so doing, but during the months of his incarceration he knew that he must go direct to her. While in state's prison, his views of honor had slightly altered. His ego had asserted itself. He had become self-concentrated. Upon him was a strong sense of injustice. He had a chip on his shoulder. He was not the same Jordan Lewis who stepped behind the bars eighteen months before. Prison had distorted, twisted him. And he had listened to but one point of view—how to beat the game. The law not only punishes a man, it changes him, either for good, or for the time being. Lewis was changed.

He took precautions. When he faced Evelyn at last, he told her of them.

"Not a soul saw me come," he said; "I held my handkerchief up to my face and every man who passed merely thought I was blowing my nose or wiping my forehead."

She winced at the explanation. It seemed like some childish trick; it was puerile. Jordan Lewis looked about him.

"I don't want to meet the judge here," he went on. "I'm going to see him at his chambers later. There's—I wasn't treated right, and I want to see if he can't help. I—I told the truth upon the stand."

"Oh, Jordan," she cried, "I know you did. And I can't help it. I've got to tell you."

She blurted it all out—the Matches story—everything.

Then, woman-like, she shivered. She laid her hand upon his arm. "Don't—don't tell Gene I told you," she pleaded. "Perhaps I had no right."

Jordan Lewis for one instant permitted himself the luxury of placing his hand over hers. She drew hers away. He nodded in assent. He didn't blame her; he could never blame her.

"I'll go to Matches," he said; "give me his address."

He went to Matches. He took Matches to Rufe Smith, his former lawyer. Rufe Smith heard the story, sent Matches off, and then held a conference with Lewis. He, partisan as he was, did what the judge had done, poohpoohed the story.

But he did more. He did what is done in many small cities where members of the bar know the judge well. He went to the court, and sounded out the court's mind upon the subject. Delannoy called in the prosecutor. The three men thrashed out the whole thing again. And with the same result.

Smith went back to his office and to Lewis.

"No go," he said with an air of finality.

Lewis was beside himself with impatience. "At any rate," he said, "I can show up Grindstone. The people don't know that he ran the Ballyhoo. I'll tell 'em."

Rufe Smith wearily shook his head. "I'm interested only in your individual case," Mr. Lewis," he returned. "I can't go into the blackmailing business at my time of life. And beside, it does no good. The court, in its discretion, will refuse you a new trial."

Jordan Lewis left his counsel's office. Everywhere he turned there was a game—life was a game. It was his business to try and beat the game. He'd show 'em up—he'd beat the game somehow. But he didn't succeed very well. He was discredited. He couldn't get a job. His was the usual experience of the ex-convict. To his old friends he repeated his story and declared his innocence, and here and there got temporary jobs, or borrowed money. After that he slumped slowly into innocuous desuetude.

And yet he was Jordan Lewis. And he was innocent. And there was one thing in the world that kept him from descending to the commission of actual crime, as yet. That something was the faith of Evelyn Delannoy in his innocence, and his love for Evelyn Delannoy.

He sought her at her home, during court hours, and she saw him. Together they tried to devise ways and means to restore to him a ruined reputation, and to enable him to live honestly in the sight of men.

Evelyn kept the fact of these meetings from her hus-

band. Why not? They were harmless enough; they were open and aboveboard. She did this because Delannoy unquestionably would disapprove.

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him," she argued with truly feminine reasoning.

And to the solution of the problem of Jordan Lewis, she applied more feminine reasoning. She believed that if ever there was a case where the end justified the means, that case was presented to her now.

Meantime Jordan Lewis kept slumping into innocuous desuetude.

It was months, many months later, that Grindstone himself sent for Jordan Lewis. Lewis, shabby as he was, went with alacrity. He had tried many times to get an interview with Grindstone, and without success.

"Shut the door and take a seat," said Grindstone, grimly. Lewis obeyed, perfunctorily. Grindstone leaned across the desk and looked him in the eye.

"Lewis," Grindstone said, "in the last three days you have committed forgery. You swindled a saloonkeeper on this phony check."

Lewis stared at him. "The check," went on Grindstone, "bears my signature—a clumsy forgery. You did the trick and got fifteen dollars on this check."

Lewis rose. "You lie!" he exclaimed.

Grindstone smiled. "I'm prepared to prove, by half a dozen witnesses, that it's the truth," he returned. "I can send you up for forgery at any time I please, forgery as a second offence. Nasty charge, nastier sentence. What?"

Lewis sank back in his chair. He collected his thoughts. He was not, of course, guilty of this charge. He had never seen the check. But he recognized life's earmarks. Here was a game.

"Some day, Grindstone," he returned desperately, "I'll kill you. Some day soon."

Grindstone threw the check carelessly into his desk drawer. He laughed. "You won't kill me," he replied. "I've got to live, and so have you. But that goes," he jerked his head toward the drawer. "I've got the goods on you, and I'll send you up, unless——" He stopped.

"Go on," said Lewis.

Grindstone leaned across his desk again. "Lewis," he said, "you're mighty friendly with the wife of Vice Chancellor Delannoy."

The blood mounted into Lewis' face. "What's that to you?" he cried.

"Softly," said Grindstone, "no aspersions, either on you or her. I state a fact. You're friendly with the wife of Vice Chancellor Delannoy."

Lewis' gorge rose at the repetition of the name. "Vice Chancellor Delannoy," he retorted angrily, "he goes up, I go down."

"Exactly," returned Grindstone, "and it was some of my influence that lifted him up. But, take heart. Delannoy don't play the game. I don't mind telling you that I'm disappointed in the man. I pick good judges, yes. But this fellow, why he never even shot a game of crap. He hasn't got any bowels of compassion, not even for my friends."

"And yet when Stern, V. C., died, you boosted him into a ten-thousand-dollar job."

Grindstone snorted. "Fool that I was. I wanted to put him where he'd be harmless. I wanted to get him out of sessions. And the people and the press—I'm telling you this, you're harmless—the people and the press believe in him. He's a game in himself, this guy. He's a new one. He's a trickster, but an honest trickster, if you know what that is. He knows which side his bread is buttered on, but he won't fall for anything that might besmirch his reputation. He had me going groggy. He wouldn't hurt me; he believed in me, his bread was buttered on my side. But my friends, the people I had to protect, well, in a pinch, I couldn't tell what Delannoy was going to do. We had to get rid of him, the people wouldn't let him go down. So, Stern died and, nut that I was, I boosted Delannoy up to his job. You know what it is, divorces, partitions, foreclosures, will construction cases, what not. Harmless and out of the way equity cases, nothing to do with me or mine. And now, by gorry, I've just opened my eyes. I've got to make a killing, I've got a chance to make a killing, and through his very court, the Court of Chancery. Think of it! Hoist with my own petard."

Lewis listened. He knew that Grindstone had something for him to do, and he felt that Grindstone had told him all this because of necessity, so that he might size up the situation. And he was right. He thrust into the background of his mind Grindstone's introductory threat. His curiosity was piqued.

"Now look," went on Grindstone. "Stern, Vice Chancellor, had just started to take testimony in this powder case, this munitions company matter. He started it. It was the first thing that Delannoy had to tackle. And it was a hurry-up job. You know all that if you've followed it. You haven't read about it? Well, all right. That's the fact. Now, here's something you may know. This company has been making—not six per cent on its stock—more like three hundred per cent. The concern's filled with money; filled, I tell you. Its stock don't jump ten points when it jumps; it goes up seventy. That's some stock." He lowered his voice. "If you play your cards right, Lewis," he went on, "I'll put you on Easy Street."

Lewis drew up his chair. The plot was getting thick. Distorted as he had become in the past two and a half years, this thing was breath to his nostrils. Here was a game, not understood as yet by him, but a great game at that.

"Here's the funny part," laughed Grindstone. "This'll make you smile. Try as I could, I couldn't see where I could figure on Delannoy. He wouldn't listen to this kind of talky-talk from me or anybody else. He's so straight that he bends over backwards. So I couldn't get to him. Then of a sudden"—his laugh redoubled—"I thought of you. And you're the king pin, and I don't mind telling you so. You're important, ace high, in this deal, and you've got to realize it. Understand?"

"Go on," said Lewis hungrily, "don't stop."

Grindstone smiled shrewdly. "Where there's a woman, there's always a way," he mused.

Lewis held up his hand. "I told you——" he exclaimed angrily.

Grindstone nodded. "Delannoy has got to decide this case and decide it quick—say, within a month. He's a new vice chancellor. He may be right and he may be wrong. The sharps know that his rulings on the sessions bench haven't often been reversed. He's got what you call the judicial temperament."

"The devil he has," said Lewis, warmly.

"Yes, he has," persisted Grindstone, "and his opinion here in Chancery in going to command some respect. But to thunder with respect. His opinion will be enough for Wall Street to play with. If he upholds the munitions company, the stock goes up, fifty points, eighty, anything you choose. If he decides against it—and of course that's the popular and more likely decision—it does down in the same proportion. Now do you see the point?"

"I think I do," said Lewis slowly.

"All that I want," went on Grindstone, "is twenty-four hours' advance information on the subject, that's all. It's up to you."

"If I can't get it?" queried Lewis; "I mean, if I really try, and can't make it, any way, what then?"

"Your forged check's waiting right here for the grand jury—six witnesses—any time you say," said Grindstone, holding out his hand. Lewis spurned it in contempt. He turned on his heel. At the door he paused, came back, and held out his hand in turn.

"You're the main guy," said Lewis, "go to it. Good-by."

Jordan Lewis went from Grindstone's office to a telephone booth, and from thence, by trolley, out to the judge's house. He saw Evelyn and told her the whole story. It was ghastly, but it was real. To Evelyn it seemed as though this man were held in a vise—that the life were being slowly crushed out of him. The thing uppermost in both their minds was this—that Grindstone could and would make good his threat, unless——

Unless?

The woman arrived at a decision first. They were driven by necessity—they were, the two of them. This thing had to be done. It was not a question of ethics. They must save Jordan Lewis—the two of them must save him. He was still Jordan Lewis; he had been her lover; he was innocent; he was hounded. The world was crushing and mangling him under its heel.

"We'll do it," she breathed at length. "We've got to do it."

"How?" he queried.

"Leave it to me," she answered.

Evelyn's interest was not in courts and never had been. But she read the papers now religiously. And she educated herself upon the litigation in the powder case. As she read, she began to realize that for weeks and months Delannoy had been dinning this case into her ears. Delannoy was a steady talker at home, and talked only of those things that interested him. And nothing interested him so much as Delannoy and his achievements on the bench. As she read, she remembered these conversations, arranged the salient points in her mind, and at breakfast, dinner, afterwards, commented with intelligence upon the controversy. But Delannoy was an observer, of men and women, too. Already he had been besieged by close friends for a hint as to his possible decision, men whose honesty he had never questioned, had sought him in private, pleaded, beseeched him for a secret suggestion. It could do no harm, they had insisted; it would save them from bankruptcy; it would put their boys through college; it would send their wives away for the summer. Vice Chancellor Delannoy had but one answer—that it looked like rain, and bowed them out. Not by a flicker of an eyelid would he commit himself. And these interviews with intimate friends had put him unusually on his guard. He had even expected that his wife would be approached by other wives, making inquiry on behalf of their ill and bankrupt husbands. So he parried her questions with his remarkable and usual skill.

Then suddenly he made a discovery, a pleasing one to him. A servant in his house was personally in the Vice Chancellor's pay and personally in the Vice Chancellor's confidence. Through this servant the Vice Chancellor discovered the frequent visits of Jordan Lewis. These he had known for some time. They disturbed him, they were annoying. And yet he felt difficulty about handling the situation. Evelyn said nothing of them. And yet not for one instant could he suspect Evelyn of infidelity. He was too good a judge of human nature. Her sympathies had run away with her—the whole thing began and ended there. And yet, to have this ex-convict running to his house, and calling on his wife, openly.

He couldn't talk to her about it until he could get a chance to meet Lewis—catch him red-handed in one of his visits. But he never caught him. Either Evelyn or Lewis, or both, were too clever. The situation was complex. Delannoy was baffled.

But he discovered, to his unbounded delight, that Jordan Lewis had been making inquiries about the powder case. Instantly the Vice Chancellor divined his own advantage. He saw his way clear.

He even chuckled as he determined on his course. Grindstone was right about the judge, Delannoy was an honest trickster, whatever that may mean. And he played his game accordingly.

One afternoon, early, he brought home his typewritten decision in the powder case. He had an evening engagement at his club. He left the decision on his desk while he went above to dress. Evelyn read it—saw what it was.

He came down, dressed in evening clothes, in the course of an hour. The decision was where he left it. Evelyn was playing a catchy little serenade in the music room. He called to her.

"I haven't time," he said, slipping the document into an envelope, "but will you please put this into the safe—and lock it. I don't want anybody to get a look at it. It's—it's important that nobody should see it. And here on my desk, or in it, there's a chance. I've got to hurry. And I won't be home till late. They're dining me to-night; the Chancellor himself will be there. Good-by."

He went. Evelyn called up a number on the telephone, and, after a long pause, she heard Lewis' voice. She summoned him, and he came.

An hour later he had left the house, with a copy of the decision in his pocket. Evelyn, alone, reviewed the situation. What harm could befall. Grindstone would make money—that was all. Lewis could make a little, too. And he would be freed from this terrific persecution that threatened him. And no one would ever know.

Two hours later Lewis handed to Grindstone his copy of the decision. Grindstone looked at the last page, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"The popular decision," he mused, "and the stock goes down. I should have expected Delannoy to lean the other way. The powder company had the right to it, to my way of thinking. The Court of Errors will have to look into this. But what do we care? We sell munitions short—short, you understand—until the cows come home.

Grindstone was the leader of a syndicate of Wall Street sharps and rascals. His intimates numbered more than fifteen men. He called them all together and passed the word. From thenceforth action. Grindstone's coterie, overnight, borrowed, begged and stole all the ready cash it was able to lay its hands upon.

The next day it sold munitions short—sold below the market even—sold to anybody who was good for the price. The short sales found a multitude of takers. Of course, this genteel gang was betting on an all-sure thing. No member of it owned a share of stock to sell. Their margin was of the thickness of a shoe-string. They had plenty of butter but they spread it out exceedingly thin.

Grindstone slapped Lewis on the back, danced with him about his private office.

"The king pin, the main guy, Lewis," he cried, showing him an entry in a book. "Look, I've slipped in a bet for you. You'll be on Easy Street. Just wait and see."

Two days later Delannoy, Vice Chancellor, handed down his decision in the regular way, and his stenographer furnished copies to the reporters. That evening it was published in full in the daily papers.

It was a sound decision, recognized as such. It found in favor of the powder company, not against it. Stock brokers all along the line confirmed the news, and then

began to buy. The stock, instead of falling, rose to appalling heights. Its career was an event in Wall Street.

Grindstone had read the evening papers in silent astonishment.

He got one of his lawyers to call up the Vice Chancellor and verify the publication. The Vice Chancellor confirmed the news and inquired what counsel thought of the decision.

"A masterpiece," said counsel; "I congratulate you, judge."

And then Grindstone sat him down and waited—a stoic—while his margin and the margin of his fellows was wiped out next day at the very clang of the stock exchange bell. Against the heavy buying pressure, that margin was as a mere film, wiped out as easily as one cleans off a slate.

Grindstone's cohorts sent for Grindstone—and Grindstone, in turn, sent for Lewis. Lewis came, white-lipped and quivering.

"I know what's happened," he whimpered, "but I did what you told me to. It was a trick, Delannoy's trick."

"No excuses," snapped Grindstone; "I know it was a trick, his trick. That won't save you. Don't think it. Come on," he added, seizing Lewis violently by the collar, "I want you to come along with me. I'm going to use you as an object lesson—a horrible example. Come on."

He thrust Lewis into a taxicab, and gave a brief direction to the driver. Inside of twenty minutes they had reached their destination.

"What are you going to do?" asked Lewis, in amazement.

"I'm going in to talk to Delannoy," growled Grindstone, "and you're coming with me to hear me do it."

Two minutes later Delannoy faced them in his library. With him was his wife. Her presence did not restrain the wrath of Grindstone.

White as a sheet—a beggar and worse than a beggar—he charged down upon Delannoy in a torrent of wrath.

"What did you do with that fake decision, that decoy, that dainty opinion against the powder company, that you brought home the other night. Where is it? Let me know."

The Vice Chancellor, puzzled, stepped back. "What are you talking about, Mr. Grindstone?" he inquired.

"I'm talking about you, you trickster," shouted Grindstone. "You know what I mean, and you know what I'm talking about. And you framed that up just to get me, that's what you did."

"You?" gasped the Vice Chancellor.

"Ah," went on Grindstone, "me, and my friends. The whole of us—my people. You've done us. And you've done us with a phony Chancery decision."

"But you," exclaimed the Vice Chancellor, "that has nothing to do with you."

"Didn't, eh?" sneered Grindstone. "I tell you, it's ruined me, and all my friends. But I didn't come here to tell you that. I came here for something else." He thrust out his under jaw. "I've got you, Delannoy. You've done for me, and now I'll do for you. You know what's coming to you, don't you? Impeachment. You've been bought up by this powder corporation."

"You know that's false," cried the white-faced jurist.

"I know," thundered Grindstone, "that it's true, and I can prove it to be true. I'll prove it by half a dozen unimpeachable witnesses—see if I don't. Where I threaten I'll make good." He pointed to Jordan Lewis. "Do you see this scapegoat!" he exclaimed. "I'll put you down and out like him. I'll break you, if I have to do it with my hands."

Delannoy stared at him, petrified. He felt the power of this infuriated man. He knew his strength. He had a vision of himself groping along the streets, his clothes ragged, skulking in the shadows. He shivered.

But Evelyn sprang forward. Her eyes flashed fire. Her face was white, but beautiful. Suddenly she had developed into a goddess.

"Gene," she cried, seizing her husband's arm, and pointing into the eyes of Grindstone, "Gene, be a man. No, I don't care who hears me, whether the whole world hears me, let alone this man Grindstone. Look, listen. This all began the night that I engaged myself to Jordan Lewis; all began that night. From that night we've all gone wrong. Because of that night we've all gone wrong. And we've got to retrieve ourselves, we've got to set right first the wrong that was inflicted on that night. That's the starting point. Look at his face," she cried, glaring at Grindstone, "look at his face. What's a face like that as against the truth? What's a man like that as against the truth? He started this thing, and he's got to end it. He's made us all lie and cheat and fool ourselves; he's held us all in the hollow of his hand. He, with a face like that. He, a man like that. The truth first, Gene, from the start. And we'll work up to date. We'll fight you, Mr. Grindstone, three of us—we and the truth—we'll fight you to the bitter end. Gene, Jordon, are you with me—are we agreed? The truth, the truth above everything. The truth!"

Jordan Lewis caught her hand in his. Gene Delannoy, startled to his very soul, nevertheless responded; he responded with a look of complete understanding.

She advanced a pace, an avenging angel from the heavens. She was the apex of a human triangle, the apex of what seemed to be a flying wedge. She pointed to the door.

"You may do your worst, Mr. Grindstone," she repeated, "the three of us, and truth, will fight you to the end."

Muttering picturesque oaths, Grindstone turned and left the room. When the house door closed upon him, Evelyn turned to her two companions.

"Gene," she said to her husband, "the starting point is Matches. We'll find Matches and we'll bring him here. Matches—and the truth—we'll start with them."

Within three days, Grindstone, broken and discredited, but snarling still, began to realize that the fight was on. The avenging angel had girded on her sword.

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THE PARADE

By JOHN BAER

INSPECTOR COSS was engaged in his favorite morning exercise.

"Weirfield," he thundered, "I'm tired of excuses. You've got the worst record of any man in the squad. What's the matter with you, anyhow? This shooting of Alderman Thomas marks the third assassination in a month right within your very limited territory. And each time you've let 'em get away. By and by we'll have every damned cut-throat and anarchist in the country working right in this district and making a picnic of it."

Detective Weirfield replied, meekly: "I couldn't help the Thomas affair. He wouldn't let me stay near him. Said he was able to take care of himself."

"Nonsense!" growled the inspector. "You're getting old, that's what. What's keeping you from retiring, anyhow? You've been on long enough to be entitled to a pension. No use staying till your record is altogether ridiculous."

Weirfield swallowed hard. "I want one more crack, that's all. To-day, you know—the parade—maybe——"

"All right. But don't get the impression that my using you is a tribute to your ability. I have no one else handy, and besides, the scare will probably blow up in hot air. But get out and look over the ground. And if some one does try to shoot the governor, don't bring back the fellow's hat. This time try to get the fellow himself."

The parade got under way promptly at eleven o'clock, as per schedule. It started in the downtown section and swung north along the main thoroughfare of New York City. At the head of the procession marched the inevitable police band. Then, after a space of about thirty yards, came the governor, his two personal aides on either side of him. After that followed the several state and city volunteer organizations—such as Red Cross units, farmerettes, ship-builders, etc.—who had helped win the war.

At half-past eleven the parade had reached Thirty-fourth street. Three blocks further to the north—that is Thirty-seventh street, southwest corner—stood the famous Quadrangle building, a ten-story affair, in which many of the city's wealthiest men had their offices. Right at this corner the crowd was so dense that sidewalk traffic was completely stopped.

Officer Tarnell, stationed at the curb directly in front of the Quadrangle, had his hands full trying to keep the crowd from swarming upon the street.

An excited, disheveled, hatless man elbowed his way through the crowd and tried to rush past Tarnell. The policeman seized him and pushed him back onto the sidewalk. The man resisted, protested and tried to wriggle out of Tarnell's grip. Whereat the agitated, sweating, tired, overheated policeman lost his temper. He turned his man around and hurled him through the crowd against the Quadrangle.

"Ain't you got no sense?" he roared. He picked up the unhappy wretch and rushed him into the corridor of the building. "Keep on going," he advised; "this hall leads out the back way. A guy like you ain't got no business among a lot of wimmin and children."

A minute later Tarnell was again at his post at the curb-stone. The police band was passing by. The happy multitude broke into a deafening yell of welcome. Tarnell, looking around, saw Mr. Conroy, a broker in jewelry, leaning out of the first-floor window of the Quadrangle. The two men nodded to each other.

Just as the police band had passed by, a man, standing on the southeast corner of Thirty-seventh street—that is, the corner directly opposite the Quadrangle—stepped into the middle of the street. He had a camera in his hand.

The parade slowed down momentarily in order to give the man a chance to snap the governor. The photographer manipulated his camera so as to get the governor into proper focus. The two aides dropped back a little, so as to give their chief the exact center of the picture. The photographer looked up smilingly at the governor, giving the signal that the next instant he would squeeze his bulb.

Three shots rang out in rapid succession. The camera slipped out of the photographer's hand and fell to the street.

The music of the police band was drowned in a confusion of shrieks, screams, oaths and prayers. The crowd broke the police lines and pushed and elbowed each other this way and that. Children were knocked down and trampled upon; women fainted.

"Kill him! Beat him up!" a thousand hoarse voices cried as one. "There! There! Up there!"

Officer Tarnell, looking in the direction in which the crowd pointed, saw the small, disheveled man whom he had pushed into the Quadrangle standing in the window from which Mr. Conroy had nodded to him a moment before. The man had a revolver in his hand.

The policeman drew his club and fought his way into the building. Another policeman, Officer Clancy, was at his side. Together they rushed up the one flight of stairs and entered the office of Conroy & Sons, brokers in jewelry.

They found the elder Conroy lying prostrate upon the floor. Beside him stood the would-be assassin of the governor. He came toward the policemen, gesticulating wildly and trying to shout explanations. Tarnell closed in on him and hit him a stunning blow on the side of the head. He reeled back and let his gun drop out of his hand.

A mob of angry, excited, howling men and women stormed into the room. The two officers fought bravely in defense of their prisoner. But they were too badly outnumbered. They backed him against the window, stood in front of him so as to protect him with their own bodies, and proceeded to beat a merciless tattoo upon the heads of all those who came within reach of their clubs.

The crowd drew back a bit; for a brief moment the fighting stopped. Tarnell faced about, stuck his head out of the window and blew his whistle. The mob surged forward again. Officer Clancy pulled his gun but it was wrenched from him. Tarnell had to exert every ounce of energy to keep from being hurled out of the window. He managed finally to slide to the floor and drag his captive down with him. "Fall down, Clancy," he shouted; "fall down! Damn it, fall down!"

But Clancy had no chance. Part of the crowd rushed

him to the right wall and held him there. The rest of the crowd vented its wrath upon the unlucky Tarnell and his prisoner.

In the street below six policemen formed a flying wedge and bucked, shoved and kicked their way into the Quadrangle. Every inch of their advance was contested, but they succeeded at length in reaching the Conroy office. Then they drew their revolvers. The growling, grumbling mob backed slowly out of the door.

When Tarnell picked up his prisoner he found a long-bladed knife quivering between the man's shoulder blades. Most of his clothing had been torn from him, his face and hands were scratched, he was unconscious from the loss of blood. Tarnell drew out the knife and Clancy phoned for an ambulance.

Before it arrived Mr. Conroy came to. Tarnell questioned him, but he could give little information. "This man," he said, indicating the prisoner, "came in here a few minutes ago and asked permission to look out of my window. I refused him, and then he knocked me down with the butt of his gun. That's all I know."

The ambulance stopped at the rear entrance to the Quadrangle. The prisoner was carried into it and hurried to the hospital. Tarnell and Clancy went first to the police station to make their report. From there they were sent to the hospital by Captain McGinnis and told to keep guard over their man.

Meanwhile, of course, the parade had come to a temporary halt. Inspector Coss arrived on the scene and had a consultation with the governor. The police and the governor's aides advised that the parade be abandoned, but the governor refused to become frightened. No assassin could scare him, no siree. And besides, their aim was generally very bad—this case being no exception. The crowd was pushed back upon the sidewalk, the line of parade was reformed, the police band struck up "Smiles," and the procession continued.

Inspector Coss went to the hospital. Officers Tarnell and Clancy were standing before the door leading into the operating-room.

"Detective Weirfield around here anywhere?" demanded Coss.

Clancy looked up, puzzled, and said nothing. Tarnell replied: "We don't know him."

"Don't know Weirfield?" exploded Coss. "Where are you from?"

"Wilson avenue station, Brooklyn," said Tarnell. "We're over here for to-day only, 'count of the parade and extra men being needed."

"I see." Coss entered the room. The patient was lying face-down upon a table; a surgeon, two assistants and some nurses were standing about him.

The surgeon spoke to the inspector. "Not a particularly dangerous wound, providing we can prevent blood-poisoning. But if it had been an inch to the left——"

An assistant cut in with "A fellow takes a lot of chances nowadays trying to shoot a public official at a public affair."

Inspector Coss bent over the unconscious man and turned his head so as to get a good look at his face. The next instant he was outside of the operating-room, roaring at Tarnell: "You silly imbecile! What the hell's the idea of arresting this man?"

"He fired the shots," volunteered Clancy.

"I didn't ask you!" hawled Coss.

"But he fired the shots just the same," insisted Clancy. "I saw him."

"And Mr. Conroy will corroborate us," said Tarnell.

"And I'll get half a hundred witnesses who'll swear to it," added Clancy.

Inspector Coss threw up his hands in despair. "Brooklyn efficiency!" he cried. "An anarchist tries to shoot the governor and two clever policemen arrest my oldest detective!"

Officer Clancy was not to be crushed. "We arrested the man who did the shooting," he said simply.

"Got his gun?" asked the inspector.

"I did," replied Tarnell, "but I left it at the station with Captain McGinnis."

The inspector entered the operating-room again. "How long will it take you to bring the patient to?" he asked.

"We've decided to operate," explained the surgeon in charge. "We're going to cut away enough of the flesh to get to the tip-end of the wound and clean it thoroughly. Come again in an hour or so and you can speak to him."

Inspector Coss hurried to the police station.

Captain McGinnis greeted him with a pleasant "Well, Coss, this time your old boy Weirfield did your squad proud all right, all right."

"If that's supposed to be another example of your so-called Irish humor," began Coss.

"But I'm not trying to be funny," protested the captain. "Weirfield saved the governor's life, and what's more, he helped put a pretty little dent into the operations of one of the strongest criminal organizations in the country—the Red Triangle."

"Weirfield did more than put a dent into the operations of the Red Triangle," said a tall, young-looking man, who was standing near the captain's desk. "He also put quite a dent in my forehead, as you can see." He pointed to his head, which was bandaged with a white kerchief.

"This is Mr. Haskins of the Federal Secret Service," said McGinnis. "Inspector Coss, meet Mr. Haskins."

The two men shook hands. "I'm afraid, gentlemen, I don't quite catch the drift of the conversation," acknowledged Coss. "Weirfield dents your forehead, then he drops Mr. Conroy with the butt of his gun, then he shoots at the governor, hits a——"

"My dear inspector," broke in Haskins, "you do Weirfield a grave injustice. As his superior officer you ought to know better than to make sport of his aim. I've only known him since this morning, but I can vouch for the fact that there's nothing wrong with his eye-sight. He pitched a vase at me clear across the length of a room and he hit me plumb in the center of the temple just as if a bull's-eye had been painted there. A fellow with aim like that doesn't shoot at a governor and hit a photographer." He handed Coss the splintered remains of the camera. "Here, take a look at this."

The inspector took the instrument and examined it. There wasn't much to it any more, but the little that was left caused Coss' eyes to pop right out of his head. The "camera" was a square wooden box. A hollow cylinder ran through the center of it, and protruded a bit in front. Inside of this cylinder was a revolver, and attached to the trigger of the revolver was a rubber tube, which came out of the side of the box and ended in a bulb. A pressure on this bulb released the trigger and fired a shot out of the front of the cylinder.

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed Coss.

"Latest model instrument," laughed Haskins. "Designed especially to take the pictures of governors, senators and other public officials."

"Did he get away? I mean the supposed photographer?"

"He did. And then he went right to his room and shaved himself, and in so doing cut his throat from one ear to the other. He's as dead now as the governor would be

if Weirfield hadn't staged his impromptu shooting exhibition from the first-floor window of the Quadrangle building."

Inspector Coss scratched himself behind the left ear. "Would you mind explaining a few——"

"Sure," interrupted Haskins. "I've just told the whole story to Captain McGinnis, but I'll go all over it again gladly."

"Take him next-door, into my private suite, inspector," said McGinnis. "I'm going to be busy here the next half-hour with squads of incoming and outgoing men, and though I've heard the story once, it's so good I'd let it keep my mind off my work if he told it in here again."

Detective Haskins and Inspector Coss went into McGinnis' "private suite"—an eight-by-ten dressing-room—and Haskins plunged into his story.

"About a year ago," he began, "I was with the Philadelphia branch of the U. S. Secret Service. At that time two Pennsylvania congressmen and a senator were murdered—all in the same week. It was evident from the manner in which the crimes were committed that they were not the work of individuals acting by and for themselves. Some organization was planning the murders—so much was clear. Also, it was obviously an anti-government organization, financed probably from some other country—that's why the U. S. Secret Service was particularly anxious to put an end to the activity. But we had no luck at all. We worked day and night for six weeks and got nowhere. Then I conceived the idea of stealing a page from the experience of Mr. James McParlan."

"You mean the fellow who brought the notorious Molly Maguire gang to win?"

"That same fellow. You remember how he did it. Became one of them, learned of their plans, waited for the psychological moment and then had the whole crowd arrested. I followed his example. I got into an ill-fitting old suit and starting cutting up generally. I developed quite a reputation as a fighter and desperado, and as an anti-government agitator. Well, it worked. How I got into the Red Triangle is a long story which need not be discussed here. Enough to say that after three months' cutting up I was taken into full membership."

Haskins offered Coss a cigar and lit one himself. "The Red Triangle," he explained, "is so called because red—particularly blood-red—is its favorite color, and because it works in committees of three. The Supreme Council of three—that is, the brains of the gang—are in Philadelphia. These three men never act; they plan, that's all. In most of the principal cities of this country are sub-committees of three. These sub-committees never plan; they act, that's all.

"About four months ago I was shifted from Philadelphia here to New York. One leg of the New York Triangle, a Mr. Dupris, became friendly with a policeman. The chief high muckamucks were afraid he'd turn squealer, so they decided his brains had better be blown out. Which was promptly done, and I was sent here to take his place. The other two members of the New York Triangle went by the names of Paul Werta and Frank Bucci."

"You used an alias, too, I suppose?"

"You bet I did. But I did more than change my name. I assumed an entirely new personality. The Red Triangle works in committees of three, but it employs hundreds of spies to watch those members. If the slightest suspicion had become attached to me——" Haskins blew a few rings of smoke into the air. "I played it absolutely safe. I sent my shield and credentials to Washington and dropped all my connections with the Secret Service. My orders were to be a rowdy pure and simple, and a cut-throat, until I could catch the Red Triangle right in the very act of committing some crime. I was warned specifically against making a premature arrest. That's the trouble with most of these round-ups."

"I know," interrupted Coss. "You make a raid, gather in a lot of choice literature, make a dozen or so arrests, and then the judge gives you hell. You can't send a man to the electric chair for theorizing about murder. You have to wait till he tries to commit one."

"Exactly. Well, I was told to wait it out. I did. Finally the opportunity arrived. Last week our New York committee got orders from Philadelphia to get the governor during to-day's parade. Together with these orders came the camera and instructions as to how to use it."

"Why the roundabout method?" asked Coss. "Why not simply shoot from the sidewalk and——"

"The Red Triangle doesn't do things that way. They don't trust to luck. They don't go about a job haphazardly. The governor, as you know, marched between two aides. The only way to get a good shot was from directly in front of him. With this camera we couldn't miss. You will notice this little glass finder on the top of the box. When I point this camera at you I get your reflection in this finder. Then I know the revolver is pointed straight at you and I've got to hit you."

"But a man can't step into the middle of the street, assassinate another man and then make a get-away with a mob all about him."

"He can't," admitted Haskins. "Also, the Red Triangle doesn't make get-aways. The man who shoots, stays—and pays. That's part of the idea—to be a 'martyr' to the cause. And if you will go into the history of assassinations in which organizations have been involved, you will find that almost invariably the perpetrator of the crime made no attempt to escape. I could mention a long line of murders in Russia, France, Italy and even this country to prove that point."

"When and where does Weirfield come in on this plot?"

"At nine o'clock this morning Werta, looking out of the window of our room on Thirty-seventh street, saw Weirfield hanging around the entrance to the building. I don't know for how long he'd been on our track. Anyhow, it was quite clear he suspected something. He most certainly would have followed us had any of us left our room and walked in the direction of the street on which the parade passed. So we decided that somehow we'd have to get rid of him. Werta and Bucci staged a fake fight in the room. Werta stuck his head out of the window and hollered for help. Not loud enough to attract a crowd, but loud enough for Weirfield to hear. Well, Weirfield bit. He came running into our place, was knocked down, and then his shield and gun were taken from him. Now, here we were, with a detective on our hands and a murder to commit in the next two hours. Werta was for cutting Weirfield's throat, but Bucci insisted we had better wait till we could get in touch with the chiefs in Philadelphia and let them determine what disposition to make of the captured detective. Here was a sorry mess. We had a prisoner on our hands and no place to keep him. All we had was one room, and that was not fitted out as a jail. Bucci finally went out—I don't know where—but when he came back he had a horse-shoe spike and a chain. He hooked the spike through a chain-link and then drove the spike into the side-wall. Then he twisted the other end of the chain about Weirfield's leg."

"Did he bind his hands?"

"No."

"Then it must have been a simple matter for Weirfield to free himself."

"It was. Any man could have released himself in five minutes at the most. But you must remember there were three of us in the room watching. In spite of this, Weirfield did make an attempt to undo the chain, but Bucci gave him a brutal kick in the side, so he gave up the attempt."

"Why didn't he call for help?"

"He didn't dare. If he had made an outcry we should have been forced to kill him. He knew it. So he kept quiet, probably planning a way to get out of his ticklish situation."

"You say that Weirfield's shield was taken from him. That must have given you the clue to the fact that he was connected with the New York police. That being the case, why didn't you give him some kind of a signal to let him know that you, too, were a detective, and that he had one friend in the crowd?"

"I tried to do that very thing, but I had no chance. Besides, I didn't want to blow my opportunity at the last minute by making a foolish break."

"Go on. With Weirfield chained to the wall, what happened?"

"We threw dice for the honor of killing the governor. And right here I had a piece of excellent luck. I don't know yet what would have happened if those dice had picked me to do the shooting. Well, Werta won the throw. He was highly elated, even though it meant that his own life was to be sacrificed, for, as I've told you, the Red Triangle makes no attempt to escape. Werta took the camera, pointed it at Weirfield, and cried: 'Do you see this leetle box? It contain a ver' nice revolver with which I shall blow out the brains of your governor—poof! Three cheers for the people and down with the rulers!' "

Inspector Coss became impatient. "Talk faster," he said. "You've got me all on edge to know what happened next."

"After this little outburst on the part of Werta—which, by the way, gave Weirfield the clue as to how the murder would be attempted—Bucci and I threw dice to see which one of us should accompany Werta, and which one should stay behind and watch Weirfield. Bucci won the throw and decided to go with Werta. This arrangement suited me fine. I intended to wait till Werta and Bucci had left our room, and then, releasing Weirfield, tell him who I was, and then together we could have busted the plot at the psychological moment."

"But instead Weirfield busted you. How did he manage it?"

"Werta and Bucci left our room at eleven twenty-five. Our room is on Thirty-seventh street, four doors below the Quadrangle Building. Before starting they had agreed that Werta was to take his stand on the corner directly opposite the Quadrangle. He was to wait till the head of the procession reached that point, then he was to step into the middle of the street and 'snap' the governor."

"But how did he know the police would let him pass through the lines?"

"He had forged a pass signed by the Underton Picture Service, saying he was one of their staff. This pass got him by the cop on duty at that corner and enabled him to get within a few feet of the governor. On my part I waited till I heard the outside door close on Werta and Bucci. Then I stepped toward Weirfield, intending to reveal my real identity. And when I became conscious again I found myself on the floor, with the broken bits of a vase scattered about me. Weirfield was gone—so was my gun!"

A queer little smile played about Haskins' mouth as he continued. "We had made the mistake of chaining Weirfield within reach of the mantel-piece, on which a vase happened to be standing. He must have seized this vase while my back was toward him a moment, and then as soon as I faced about he hurled it at me, and he hit me, too. Then he released himself and went after my two friends of the Red Triangle."

"But don't his subsequent actions seem a bit peculiar?" asked Coss. "Why did he knock down Conroy? Or what's stranger, why didn't he get some kind of police help?"

"The answers to those questions are self-evident. I wasn't with him, but I can follow his actions as clearly as though I had been at his side all the time. It was Weirfield's business to save the governor's life. That was the one and only idea in his head. By the time he got out of our room it must have been eleven-thirty, or perhaps a minute or two later. He ran to the Quadrangle building, only four doors away, and standing on the opposite corner he saw Werta and the camera. The parade must have been within two, or at the most three or four blocks of the Quadrangle. Now, what was Weirfield to do? Telephone to headquarters? That would have been absurd. It takes two or three minutes to make a telephone connection, and half an hour more to send help. And Weirfield had but two or three minutes in which to act."

"But there were plenty of policemen about."

"Yes; but none of them knew Weirfield. All of the officers near the Quandrangle had been recruited from Brooklyn for this occasion. They didn't know Weirfield from Adam. And his shield had been taken from him, so he had no way of convincing any one that he was a detective. He could undoubtedly have found a policeman or another detective who did know him, but he had no time to look. He hadn't even a minute to waste. In spite of which he forced his way through the crowd and tried to explain to Officer Tarnell. But Tarnell took him for a rough-neck—which he certainly must have looked like, as he was without a hat and scratched and disheveled from Bucci's blows and kicks. So Tarnell simply pushed him back through the crowd and into the Quadrangle, advising him to move along. And all the time the parade kept coming closer!"

"I think I see the rest of it," broke in Inspector Coss. "Weirfield ran up one flight of stairs and entered an office which he knew had a window facing the street. Mr. Conroy also took him for some disreputable character. The parade was now within one block. Weirfield did not have even a second in which to argue with or explain to Conroy. So he tapped him gently on the head—just hard enough to lay him out a few minutes. Then he went to the window, which he reached just as the supposed photographer stepped into the middle of the street. He fired his three shots not a moment too soon."

"That's exactly my version, too," agreed Haskins.

"What did you do after you came to?"

"I rushed to the battle ground, but I got there too late. From a bystander I gathered what had just taken place. I looked for the camera, and sure enough discovered it being trampled upon by the people. I picked it up and then returned to our room, intending to arrest Werta and Bucci. I found Werta on the floor with his throat cut. The Red Triangle recognizes no failure. Werta knew that."

The inspector took another look at the "camera." "This box has two holes through it," he said. "I wonder what Weirfield hit with his third shot."

"When you go to our room to look at Werta's body," replied Haskins, "you'll find a small hole in his right wrist. That's what Weirfield hit with his third shot. Well, from our room I came here to the station. Tarnell and Clancy were telling their story to Captain McGinnis. He took their report and then sent them to the hospital to keep an eye on the prisoner. After they had gone I introduced myself to the captain and told him my story. Then I got my superiors in Washington on the phone. Within the next few hours there'll be a raid on every Red Triangle stronghold in the country. The raid will be unexpected, and we'll gather in a fine catch. And this time we'll get convictions, too. We have the proof, plenty of it. I even have the letter from Philadelphia telling us how to shoot the governor. It'll be the largest and most successful round-up in the history of the department."

"One thing more, Haskins. Have you any idea how Weirfield got the knife wound?"

"A very definite idea. Bucci gave it to him. You remember that Bucci went with Werta to make sure everything would go off as per schedule. When those shots were fired from the Quadrangle, Bucci must have guessed who did it. He ran up with the crowd and stabbed Weirfield while Tarnell's back was turned."

"Do you know where Bucci is now?"

"I do not. And there's no use looking for him, either. He knows, of course, that there's been a leak somewhere. You can't find a member of the Red Triangle when he knows he's being sought for. The crowd in Philadelphia do not know—that's why our men will get them."

Haskins looked at his watch. "I'm going now, inspector. My job here in this city has been completed. And say, when you see Weirfield, congratulate him for me, will you? He sure is one swift, accurate worker."

"He sure is," agreed Coss. His chest swelled a bit. "All my men are. But Weirfield, he's the pride of the squad. Finest little record you ever see." He paused a moment. "Gee, but I bet he'll die laughing when he finds out that the man he beaned with that vase was a U. S. Secret Service agent."

"Oh, he will, will he? Well, you just tell him that I'm willing to be soaked on the head for my country, but I'm dumped if I want to be laughed at in the bargain."

An hour later Inspector Coss was again in the hospital. The patient was resting comfortably; the wound was not a serious one. Coss repeated Haskins' story and Weirfield verified every detail.

Then Coss shifted about uneasily before asking: "Weirfield, old scout, do you remember what I said to you this morning?"

"I've forgotten it completely," replied the detective.

"You're a brick, Weirfield."

"But I've had my crack, inspector, and I think I'll retire. I am getting old."

"Sure you'll retire," said Coss. "Not that I want to lose you, but you have more than earned your rest. But couldn't you put it off, say a month or six weeks?"

"What's the idea?"

"The idea is that when a man retires from the police force he is pensioned according to the rank he holds at the time of his retiring. And in a month I will have succeeded in pushing you up just two grades above your present status. See?"

"Inspector," smiled Weirfield, "you're the brick!"

Watch for the next number of this magazine. It is going to contain several of the best detective stories ever written, and a large number of interesting special features that you cannot afford to miss.

LARGEST DRYDOCK

THE new Commonwealth Drydock at South Boston is the largest drydock of its type in the world. There may be floating drydocks which are larger, but there are no land drydocks of greater size. It is situated off the main ship channel in South Boston, and is ideally located, both as to the harbor entrance and to the New Haven Railroad yards. The Navy Department has agreed to buy this drydock, when it is completed, from the State on a cost plus basis. At the present time it is 95 per cent completed.

The particulars as to dimensions are as follows: Length at bottom, 1,170 feet; width at bottom, 114 feet, 9 inches. Depth over sill at low water, 35 feet. The size of the largest vessel which it could accommodate is 1,150 feet in length; beam, 115 feet; draft, 45 feet, high water. It is built of concrete side walls with complete granite facings. It has a floating steel caisson and is brought into place by electric winches. The length of the caisson is 138 feet, 6 inches; width, 27 feet; depth, 53 feet, 6 inches.

It has been approximately under construction for the last three years, but during the war building was considerably curtailed by the shortage of material and labor. It is understood that the Navy plans to make the drydock the biggest ship repair plant on the Atlantic coast and the repair plant is to be built alongside of the dock.

It is also understood that the Navy plans to build docks adjacent to this dock for berthing ships. The channel leading to the drydock from the main ship channel has a mean depth of 37 feet, and the State, before turning the dock over to the Navy Department, will dredge a turning basin outside. The time required to flood the dock is one hour. The time required to empty it is approximately three hours. The dock has a capacity of approximately 50,000,000 gallons of water. The emptying machinery is five centrifugal pumps operated by electricity. The dock is emptied and filled through a series of conduits having outlets in the floor of the dock. The five Worthington pumps, composed of three large and two small drainage pumps, have a capacity of 4,080 horse-power. Other facilities which the dock will have include enormous cranes, a modern ship repair plant including machine shops, carpenter shops, etc.

An extra sill has been provided near the center of the dock. The inner dock will take a vessel 635 feet long; the outer dock one 490 feet long.

The drydock, in addition to its ideal location with relation to the sea, is within a stone's throw of the new army base at South Boston, the second largest army base in the country; which has just been completed and cost approximately $28,000,000. The army base is on a reserve channel in an inlet; so that steamers docking or leaving the new dock will not be interfered with by vessels going to or from the army base. A quarter of a mile away is the new State Fish Pier and Commonwealth Pier, the largest passenger and freight pier in the world. All of these piers and docks are built on made land filled in by the State, and there are wonderful possibilities of further development. In fact, it is safe to say that there is no collection of docks and piers in the world which would more readily lend itself to expansion than these Commonwealth projects in South Boston.

A DANGEROUS CASE

By POLICE CAPTAIN HARLEY

A ROBBERY of silverware had been committed in Madison avenue, with an ingenuity and boldness which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practical hands. Detectives first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of an imperfect and broken clue were placed in Jerry Baxter's hands, to see if his somewhat renowned dexterity, or luck, as many of his brother officers preferred calling it, would enable him to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by Jerry's predecessors in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half a dozen aliases, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of $200 had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. Jerry prosecuted the inquiry with his usual energy and watchfulness, without alighting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. He could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale, and little doubt remained that the crucible had fatally diminished all chances of detection. The only hope was that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one thousand dollars was promised for the required information. Baxter had been to the printer's to order the placards announcing the increased reward; and, after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment, whom he knew well, was passing, at about a quarter past ten o'clock, when a tall man met and passed him swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that, as the weather was bitter cold and sleety.

Jerry was just in the act of passing towards Madison Square, when swift steps sounded suddenly behind him. He instinctively turned; and as he did so received a violent blow on the left shoulder—intended for the nape of his neck. It came from the tall individual who had passed him a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, Baxter did not catch even a momentary glance at his features, as he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring, and inflicted with a sharp instrument—by a strong knife or a dagger—caused a sensation of faintness; and before Jerry recovered from it, all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound was not at all serious. Jerry had it dressed at a druggist, and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing towards detecting the perpetrator of it, he said little about it to any one. The brief glimpse Baxter had of the balked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. To be sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed by so many of the light-legged as well as light-fingered gentry that it could not justify even a random suspicion.

The third evening after this occurrence Baxter was again passing along Madison Square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all his eyes about him. Snow, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except himself and a tallish, snow-wreathed figure—a woman apparently—not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the farther side of the square, appeared to be awaiting Jerry, and as he drew near it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to his great surprise disclosed the features of a Madame Jaubert.

This lady, some years before, had carried, on not very far from the spot where she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow with one child, a daughter, about seven years of age. Marie-Louise, as she was named, was one unfortunate day sent to Ninth avenue on an errand with some money in her hand, and never returned. The inquiries set on foot proved utterly without effect; not the slightest intelligence of the fate of the child was obtained, and the grief and distraction of the bereaved mother resulted in temporary insanity. She was confined in a lunatic asylum for seven or eight months, and when pronounced convalescent, found herself homeless, and almost penniless in the world. This sad story Jerry had heard from one of the keepers of the asylum during her sojourn there. It was a subject she herself never touched upon; and she had no reason to suspect that Baxter was in the slightest degree informed of this melancholy passage in her life. She changed her name from that of Duquesne to the one she now bore—Jaubert; and for the last two or three years had supported a precarious existence by plausible begging-letters addressed to persons of credulous benevolence, for which offense she had frequently visited the police court at the instance of the police. It was there Jerry had made her acquaintance.

"Madame Jaubert!" exclaimed the detective, with unfeigned surprise, "why, what on earth can you be waiting for on such a night as this?"

"To see you!" was her curt reply.

"To see me! Depend upon it, then, you are knocking at the wrong door for not the first time in your life. The very little faith I ever had in professional widows, with twelve small children, all down with the measles, has long since vanished——"

"Nonsense," she interrupted. "I'm not such a fool as to be trying the whimpering dodge upon you. It is a matter of business. You want to find Jim Martin?"

"Certainly; but what can you know of him? Surely you are not yet fallen so low as to be the associate or accomplice of burglars?"

"Neither, nor likely to be so," replied the woman; "still I could tell you where to place your hand on James Martin, if I were sure of the reward."

"There can be no doubt about that," answered Baxter.

"Then follow me, and before ten minutes are past you will have secured your man."

Jerry did so—cautiously, suspiciously; for his adventure three evenings before had rendered him unusually circumspect and watchful. She led the way to the most crowded quarter of Greenwich Village, and when she had reached the entrance of a dark, blind alley, turned into it and beckoned Jerry to follow.

"Madame Jaubert," exclaimed Baxter, "that won't do. You mean fairly, I dare say; but I don't enter that disreputable alley alone at this time of night."

She stopped, silent and embarrassed. Presently she said, with a sneer:

"You are afraid, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am."

"What is to be done, then?" she added, after a few moments' consideration. "He is alone, I assure you."

"That is possible; still I do not enter that *cul de sac* to-night unaccompanied save by you."

"You suspect me of some evil design?" said the woman, with an accent of reproach. "I thought you might, and yet nothing can be further from the truth. My sole object is to obtain the reward, and escape from this life of misery to my own country, and, if possible, begin the world respectably again. Why should you doubt me?"

"How came you acquainted with this robber's haunts?"

"The explanation is easy, but this is not the time for it. Stay; can't you get assistance?"

"Easily—in less than ten minutes; and if you are here when I return, and your information proves correct, I will ask pardon for my suspicions."

"Be it so," she said, joyfully; "and be quick, for this weather is terrible."

Ten minutes had not passed when Jerry returned with half a dozen officers, and found Madame Jaubert still at her post. They followed her up the court, caught Martin, sure enough, upon a wretched pallet of straw in one of the alley hovels, and walked him off, terribly scared and surprised, to the nearest station-house, where he passed the remainder of the night.

The next day Martin proved an alibi of the distinctest, most undeniable kind. He had been an inmate of States Prison for the last three months, with the exception of a few days previous to his capture, so he was of course at once discharged. The reward was payable only upon the conviction of the offender, and the disappointment of Madame Jaubert was extreme. She wept bitterly at the thought of being compelled to continue her present disreputable mode of life, when two hundred dollars would, she said, purchase a partnership in a small but respectable millinery shop in Paris. "Well," Jerry remarked to her, "there is no reason for despair. You have not only proved your sincerity and good faith, but that you possess a knowledge—how acquired, you best know—of the haunts and hiding-places of burglars. The reward, as you may have seen by the new placards, has been doubled, and I have a strong opinion, from something that has reached me this morning, that if you could light upon a crook called Armstrong, alias Rowden, it would be as certainly yours as if already in your pocket."

"Armstrong—Rowden!" repeated the woman with anxious simplicity; "I never heard either of these names. What sort of a person is he?"

Baxter described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabouts; and ultimately went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet Jerry the next evening.

He met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of any reliable worth, and she pressed him for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming, or a play-going man? Jerry told her all he knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were mentioned. Baxter was to see her again next day. It came; she was as far off as ever; and he advised her to waste no further time in the pursuit, but to at once endeavor to regain a position of respectability by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was reputedly well-skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully and a gleam of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled that Jerry should meet her once more at the same place at about eight o'clock the next evening.

He arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house in Varick street.

"Is he alone?" asked Jerry.

"Yes; with the exception of a woman who is minding the premises, and of whom he is an acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty; but not an instant must be lost."

Madame Jaubert perceived Baxter's half-hesitation. "Surely," she exclaimed, "you are not afraid of one man! It's useless affecting to suspect me after what has occurred."

"True," replied the officer. "Lead on."

The house at which they stopped appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the windows announcing it to be to let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman.

"Is Mr. Brown still within?" Madame Jaubert asked, in a low voice.

"Yes; what do you want with him?"

"I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the goods he has to dispose of."

"Walk in then, if you please," was the answer. They did so, and found themselves, as the door closed, in pitch darkness. "This way," said the woman; "you shall have a light in half a minute."

"Let me guide you," said Madame Jaubert as Jerry groped onward by the wall, and at the same time seizing his right hand. Instantly as she did so Baxter heard a rustle just behind; two quick and violent blows descended on the back of his head; there was a flash before his eyes; a suppressed shout of exultation rang in his ears, and he fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering his senses, before Baxter could realize either what had occurred or the situation in which he found himself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and Jerry pretty well comprehended his present position. He was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfolded, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn-sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and, judging from the roar and tumult without, through one of the busiest thoroughfares in New York. It was Saturday evening, and he thought, from the character of the noises and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that they were near Third avenue and Twenty-third street. He endeavored to rise, but found that it was impossible to do so, his captors having secured him to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation—words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realize in practice.

His thoughts, doubtless in consequence of the blows he had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past. This tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart wheels, and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three.

At length the cart stopped; Jerry heard a door unlocked and thrown open, and a few moments afterwards he was

dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor, till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, he was raised to his feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the paneling, securely fastened in that position, with cords passed through them, and around his armpits. This effected, an authoritative voice ordered that he should be unblinded.

It was done; and when his eyes became somewhat accustomed to the suddenly dazzling light and glare, he saw two notorious crooks standing directly in front of him, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight.

The big one was "Red" Casey, the bank burglar, and the other Billy O'Rourke, a second-story thief, both of whom Jerry had captured and convicted. While escaping from Sing Sing it was reported that both had been drowned.

The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this city for the purpose of avenging themselves upon Baxter. How could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorselessly used? A pang of mortal terror shot through Jerry, and he strove to awaken in his heart a stern endurance and resolute contempt of death. The woman Jaubert was, he also saw, present; and a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back towards Jerry. Those two, at a brief intimation from Casey, went downstairs; and then the fierce exultation of the two escaped convicts—of "Red" especially—broke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. "Blast you!" shouted the burglar, at the same time striking Jerry over the face with his open hand, "you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can—dog, traitor, that you are! Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. How dismal the guy looks, Billy!" Again the coward struck me. "He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. I always do, my fine fellow," he added, with a savage chuckle; "and never neglect to pay my debts of honor—yours especially," he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket, "shall be prompt payment, and with interest, too.

He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of Baxter's forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. Jerry instinctively closed his eyes, and tasted in that fearful moment the full bitterness of death; but his hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which he expected would herald him into eternity, a taunting laugh from "Red" at the terror he excited rang through the room.

"Come, come," said O'Rourke, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance, had once or twice passed; "you will alarm that fellow downstairs with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime, let us have a game of poker for the first shot at the traitor's carcass."

"Excellent—capital!" shouted Casey, with savage glee. "A game of poker; the stake, your life, Baxter! A glorious game; and mind you see fair play. In the meantime, here's your health, and better luck next time, if you should live to see it." He swallowed a draught of wine which O'Rourke, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching Jerry, with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said: "Look at the crest! Do you recognize it?'"

Baxter did so readily enough; it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Madison avenue.

"Come," again interposed O'Rourke, "let us have our game."

The game began, and—— But we will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in Baxter's police experience. Frequently, even now, the incidents of that night revisit him in dreams, and he awakens with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture he endured, he was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of his blood, and the pressure of the absorbing gag, which still remained in his mouth. It was wonderful he did not lose his senses. At last the game was over; the big burglar won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment somewhat hastily. "This man below," she said, "is getting insolent. He has taken it into his tipsy head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he won't, he says, be involved in a murder which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him yourself."

Jerry afterwards found, it may be well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin had been induced to assist in entrapping Baxter in order that he might be out of the way when a friend of Casey, who had been committed to Trenton Prison on a serious charge, came to be tried, he being the chief witness against him. They were both assured that Jerry had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention. In addition to a considerable money present, Casey had, moreover, promised Madame Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and to assist in placing her in business there.

"Red" Casey muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then said: "Come with me, Billy; if we cannot convince the fellow, we can at least silence him! Madame Jaubert, you will please remain here."

As soon as they were gone, the woman eyed Jerry with a compassionate expression, and approaching close to him, said, in a low voice: "Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday you will be sure to be released."

Baxter shook his head, and as distinctly as he could, made a gesture with his fettered arms towards the table on which the wine was standing. She understood him. "If," said she, "you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag."

Jerry eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed and she held the cup of wine to his fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of Paradise, and hope, energy, life, were renewed within him as he drank.

"You are deceived," he said, in a guarded voice, the instant his burning thirst was satisfied. "They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice."

"Nonsense," she replied. "They have been frightening you, that's all."

"I again repeat, you are deceived. Release me from these fetters, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours."

"Hark!" she exclaimed. "They are coming!"

"Bring down a couple of bottles of wine," said Casey from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order, and in a few minutes returned.

Jerry renewed his supplications to be released, and was of course extremely liberal of promises.

"It is vain talking," said the woman. "I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot escape. That fool below is already three parts intoxicated; they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery."

It was vain to urge her. She grew sullen and menacing:

and was insisting that the gag should be replaced in Jerry's mouth, when a thought struck him.

"Casey called you Marie Duquesne just now; but surely your name is Jaubert, is it not?"

"Do not trouble yourself about my name," she replied, "that is my affair, not yours."

"Because if you are Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in 34th street, and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something."

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. "I am that Marie Duquesne!" she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago."

"What!" she screamed. "My child?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And she is alive?"

"Yes."

"Thank God for that."

"Then you admit your name is Duquesne?"

"It is useless to deny it now. And the child?"

"Wait—wait——"

"I can't! I want my child!"

"Shut up or you'll get nothing."

The woman cowered back, mumbling and muttering wildly.

"I'll do as you say," she muttered.

"Are you going to behave?"

"Yes, yes."

"See that you do."

"Tell me more about my darling."

"Oh, she is all right."

A suspicious look flashed from her eyes.

She became like a maniac again.

The woman fairly leaped toward Jerry, clasped him fiercely by the arms, and peering in his face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out: "You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven; the angels told me so long since."

Baxter did not know whether the falsehood he was endeavoring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but he believed there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as he did.

"If your child was lost when going on an errand, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?"

"True, true," she muttered; "how else should he know? Where is she?" added the woman in tones of agonized entreaty, as she sunk down and clasped my knees. "Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where may I find my child?"

"Release me, give me a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with you."

She sprang quickly to her feet, unlocked the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound Jerry with eager haste. "Another draught of wine," she said, still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. "You have work to do! Now, whilst I secure the door, you rub and chafe your stiffened joints." The door was soon fastened, and then she assisted in restoring the circulation to Jerry's partially benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew the officer toward a window, which she softly opened. "It is useless," she whispered, "to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this," and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

"And you," said Jerry; "how are you to escape?"

"I will tell you. You hasten on toward Hempstead, from which we are distant in a northerly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help, and return as quickly as possible. The door-fastenings will resist some time, even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me?"

"Be assured I will not." The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and Jerry set off at the top of his speed toward Hempstead.

He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot toward him caught his ear. He paused, to make sure he was not deceived, and as he did so, a wild scream from the direction he had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no doubt discovered his escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which Jerry had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop. "Hello!" exclaimed the horseman as he came swiftly up. "Do you know where these screams come from?" It was the horse-patrol who thus providentially came up.

Jerry briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. "Then for God's sake jump up behind me!" exclaimed the mounted policeman. "We shall be there in a couple of minutes." Jerry did so; the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time they were at the door of the house from which Jerry had so lately escaped.

Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as they rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and they swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which they could hear Casey and O'Rourke thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled the officers to approach them pretty nearly before they were heard or perceived. Martin saw them first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. O'Rourke and Martin made a desperate rush to pass, by which Jerry was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet leveled at him from a pistol Casey held in his hand would probably have finished him. Martin escaped, but the patrolman pinned O'Rourke safely, and Jerry gripped Casey with a strength and ferocity against which he was powerless as an infant. The victory was complete; and two hours afterwards the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station-house.

Jerry caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undeceived the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Kings County Hospital, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by Jerry and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting Jerry's entrapment. It might, perhaps, have excited a monomania amongst liberated convicts—colored and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits.

TWO BULLET HOLES

By HARVEY W. DAVIS

A FEW years ago the aristocratic dwellers on Fifth avenue and Murray Hill were started by a series of astounding and mysterious robberies.

In every instance the articles stolen were diamonds.

Money and fine gold watches and jewelry were left undisturbed, but the diamonds disappeared.

Some of the losses were very heavy, and the losers were correspondingly sore over them.

Large rewards for the capture of the thief and the return of the property were vainly offered.

The most skillful detectives of the city were employed to ferret out the plunderer, but they could not succeed in even getting possession of the slightest clue.

All the pawnshops were visited by them, with accurate descriptions of the articles lost, but nothing in them answering the descriptions could be found.

And still the mysterious robberies went on.

It was noticed that nearly every robbery occurred on the evening of some reception, ball or party, when diamonds were worn in profusion, and that they were stolen either from the person or dressing-rooms.

At last a telegram came to me from a brother detective telling me to return to the city immediately. I was then in San Francisco on the track of a well-known desperado who was wanted in Albany on a charge of murder.

As the relations of his victim had offered a large reward for his capture I refused to return without my man, as I had reason to believe that I was close upon his heels. Events proved the wisdom of my course, for two days later I sprung the trap, caught my bird and returned in triumph with him to Albany. I received my reward, deposited the money in a bank, and then hastened to the metropolis to see my brother detective.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as soon as the handshaking and congratulations were gone through with.

"You are wanted," was the reply.

"What is it, then?"

And he then explained the foregoing facts, at the same time saying:

"A score of families on Murray Hill and Fifth avenue have privately clubbed together and subscribed a fund of $10,000 as a reward for the capture of the thief. The committee came to me with the offer, which I accepted on condition that you be associated with me in the case. Will you accept?"

"Yes—as I can't lose in case of failure," I answered, with a smile.

"I am not so sure of that," said my friend, shaking his head mysteriously.

"Explain."

"Why, you will run the risk of losing your heart," he replied, "for we will be required to attend all their receptions as guests or visitors, drink their wines, dance with the ladies, and at the same time keep watch and ward over them and their diamonds."

"A pleasant occupation, surely," I said, with a laugh, "and one in which I can enlist with a whole heart. When does the next reception take place?"

"On Wednesday evening."

"And this is Monday. I shall have to push my tailor for a dress-suit for the occasion."

And forthwith I left the private office of my friend and now partner for the purpose of having a dress-suit made for my first appearance in the *creme de la creme* of New York society. Hithereto I had been so wedded to my profession that I had no time to devote to society or the fair sex. I had but few lady acquaintances, though I have always had a profound respect for them.

The next day my partner introduced me to the committee of wealthy gentlemen who had suffered at the hands of the mysterious diamond thief as his associate in the case. They all knew me by reputation, my last capture having given me considerable prestige, hence I was warmly received. The engagement was to be kept a profound secret, in order that the unknown thief should not know us.

On the Wednesday evening following my return to the city we attended the reception given by a well-known millionaire merchant, whose residence was one of the most conspicuous on Murray Hill. There were many well-known women and society men present, and my partner and myself were introduced as invited guests by the host, hostess and daughter. To say that we enjoyed the entertainment would be but a mild expression.

Music, wine and song, inseparable from lovely woman, rendered everything charming.

By some strange fatality I took a fancy to the daughter of the house, a tall, slender blonde, whose very frankness, to say nothing of her winning manners, made an impression upon my susceptible mind. She did not repulse my advance, and in due time I requested the honor of her hand in the dance. She graciously granted it, and we danced together several times. As the hours flew by, she and I became quite confidential.

"I suppose you understand my object in attending this reception, Miss Honore?" I asked, when we were seated after the fourth waltz.

"Yes, sir, but—but I hope you will have no need to exercise your professional abilities to-night."

"I join you in that hope with all my heart," I said, "but, still, you will pardon me if I ask permission to examine that cluster ring on your hand. If once lost, I may be able to identify it, you know. The greatest difficulty heretofore has been in the utter inability of any one to identify the diamonds stolen."

"Oh, certainly," she said, placing her tiny blue-veined hand in mine. "Look at it well, for I would not lose it for the world."

I took the hand and examined the ring—the jewels—minutely, and then gallantly remarked:

"If I should fail to identify it in the future it will be because your hand so vied with it in beauty that I——"

"You have mistaken your profession, sir," she interrupted, with a soft laugh, and quietly withdrawing her hand. "You should have been a courtier attached to some fairy queen."

"Pardon me, but I have spoken the truth, and——"

"But I can't pardon you, though, after the second offense," she interrupted again, blushing and laughing. I

could see, though, bless her heart, that she was not really offended.

"Then I shall not offend you again," I replied, "but I will gaze at those ear-rings and at that brooch for the same purpose of identification."

"Really; but you had better inspect me, too, for they sometimes steal ladies, also," and the liquid blue eyes sparkled with merriment.

"Ah! I have your image engraved here, my dear friend," I replied, laying my hand on my heart, and bowing like a Chesterfield. "I could easily identify you by the throbbing of my heart."

"Peccavi!" she exclaimed, holding up her fan in well-feigned horror. "Have mercy, I pray you!"

Thus time passed on, and she at last said, during a promenade in the conservatory:

"I have still other and more valuable diamonds in my room, which, with your permission, I will put on that you may see them." And leaving me there in the conservatory, she gracefully retired, to change her jewels for those I had not seen.

Before she returned, my partner came in with a lovely little brunette leaning on his arm.

"All alone?" he asked, as he approached.

"Yes," I replied, bowing; "but only a moment."

"Miss Thornly," he said to the pretty brunette at his side, "allow me to introduce my friend, Mr.——. Miss Thornly, Mr. ——."

The brunette bowed graciously, and I acknowledged the introduction in my best "grand salaam."

In another moment Miss Honore returned, blazing with diamonds which sparkled and flashed in the gaslight like so many stars. She looked regal in them, and I thought her more lovely than ever.

We re-entered the main drawing-room, where every one noticed that she had changed her diamonds.

We joined in a waltz immediately, after which her mother came up and whispered to her:

"Why have you changed your diamonds, Honore? You may be running a risk by doing so."

"I have an object in it, mother," was her reply, and I felt a delicate, nervous clutching at my arm.

"Go and change them at once," ordered her mother, who was of an imperious temper, "before you lose them."

She bowed like a dutiful daughter, and led me toward the foot of the stairs, where she withdrew her hand from my arm, with:

"I will return in one minute—wait for me, please," and tripped lightly upstairs to her room.

Just as she disappeared out of sight at the head of the stairs, I caught a glimpse of my partner, who was himself alone, and beckoned him to join me.

"Have you seen anything suspicious?" asked he in a whisper, as he joined me.

"No; not a thing," I replied. "Have you?"

"Nothing at all, only I suspect that we are in a field of clover, and——"

"Come—come, for God's sake!" gasped a voice at the head of the stairs, and looking up I saw the white, scared face of Honore as she glared down at us.

"Come on!" I whispered, bounding up the richly carpeted stairs two steps at a bound, followed by my partner.

"What's the matter?" I asked, catching Honore around the waist to prevent her from falling in a faint.

"In there—in there!" she gasped, pointing frantically towards the half-opened door of her dressing-room; "my diamonds are gone!"

Releasing her I hurried into the room. The gas was turned off, but on a magnificent dressing-case I saw what instinct told me was a jewel case—empty.

I knew then that the mysterious diamond thief had been there. I knew also that he could not be far off—for it had been but a few minutes since she had changed her jewelry. A hurried glance around the room showed that he was not there—there being no place of concealment in the apartment.

The window was open. The apartment was in a small wing of the house.

Just under the window was the roof of a hot-house which ran along till it touched a high brick wall. This wall was the rear limit of the premises and those adjoining, against which stood the wall of another house that fronted on the cross street above.

Glancing along this wall, I fancied I saw the dark figure of a man moving under the shadow of the other house.

"Halt!" I cried sternly, as my partner came to the window to look on.

The dark form quickened its movements. I could see the conventional silk hat on his head under a clear starlight, and also that pursuit by the route he had taken would be worse than useless, even if I did not break my neck in attempting it.

"Halt, or I'll fire!" I called, drawing my revolver.

The dark figure only moved faster along the wall as I fired.

The man started and ran swiftly along the wall, followed by two more bullets, and disappeared from view altogether at the end.

"'Round to the cross street!" I whispered to my partner, and we both darted out of the room and down the stairs, almost going over the heads of the terror-stricken guests, whom the sound of the shots had alarmed.

We gained the street, followed by several gentlemen, who knew nothing of the object of our presence, while the ladies gathered around the unconscious Honore, who had fainted at the first shot.

The strictest search baffled us. We could find no trace of the mysterious robber, nor any place through which he could escape.

"This beats me," I muttered to my partner. "That fellow must have wings, or else the devil is his friend," and turning to the men who had followed us from the house, said:

"Divide into parties of twos, surround the block, and don't let any one pass from it until you know who and what he is. I will go back to the house and try to follow his footsteps, to see where one under the circumstances would be likely to go."

My partner took charge of the arrangements, and I returned to the house.

The front parlors were full of ladies and gentlemen, discussing the affair, when I entered. I was immediately surrounded, and a thousand questions rained upon me.

"What did he get?" and a hundred other questions followed in quick succession.

Several gentlemen came in, and among them was a tall, handsomely dressed young man, who, instead of joining the party that were discussing the affair, as would have been perfectly natural for him to do, he joined the pretty brunette with whom my partner had become infatuated, and they promenaded the room, finally disappearing through an open door into another apartment. I thought nothing of it at the time, but when they returned I thought I could see a gleam of triumph in the black eyes of the dark beauty, and determined to watch them. In taking a careful survey of the gentleman, I discovered two bullet-holes in the rear skirt of his dress-coat.

The discovery caused me to leap almost off the carpet, so great was the sudden effect upon me. Upon inquiry, I learned that they were known as two orphans, brother

and sister, of New Orleans—and that they were considered very wealthy, having brought letters of introduction with them that at once admitted them into the best society of the metropolis.

My course was decided at once.

Stepping up to him, I laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all in the room:

"You are my prisoner, Mr. Thornly!"

A half-suppressed shriek escaped the brunette.

Thornly turned pale as death.

He uttered not a word, but sprang for the door.

But throwing out my right foot, I tripped him, and he fell at full length on the carpet.

A dozen men sprang upon and secured him.

"Miss Thornly," I said, approaching her, "give me those diamonds, and you may go, so far as I am concerned."

She thrust her hand into a pocket of her richly-trimmed dress, and placed in my hands the very diamonds Miss Honore had shown me in the early part of the evening, and then bounded out of the front door before anybody could recover presence of mind enough to prevent her escape.

On the trial it was ascertained that Richard Thornly was a man of many aliases and crimes, and that he and his pretty sister had followed their nefarious calling with wonderful success in other cities, taking diamonds only. He always destroyed the setting, so as to defy identification, and pursued his plans so adroitly as to baffle the best detectives in the country, and at the same time ward off suspicion as to his character. He was sentenced to a long term in State prison, which ended the series of diamond robberies that had shaken Murray Hill to its center.

POLICE SPY ON ALL

A VAST spy system of more than 1,000 members and soon to have 2,000, was the description of the "Special Service Bureau of the Police Department," New York, given recently by a person familiar with some of the secrets of the new organization announced a few days ago.

The members are not expected to make arrests, it is understood, but will keep their identities hidden so no one may know whether the person next to him is a "secret service" man. Special Deputy Commissioner John M. Shaw is chief of the new bureau, which is understood to be modelled very closely after the American Protective League, which was dissolved by the Government at the end of hostilities as an organization which did not fit the ideals of American institutions under peace conditions.

At the head of the secret service, the exact character of which police officials make every effort to conceal, are big business men, bankers, brokers, lawyers and others who have the entry to New York's best clubs and social circles, and to each of whom is said to have been allotted a section of the city over which he is to act as captain.

The idea of dividing the city into zones for secret service was first adopted by the American Protective League, which differed from the present organization, however, in that it was perfectly frank about the character of its organization and permitted newspaper men to learn the names of its officers.

Under the zone captains the police volunteer "secret service" is said to be filled from all classes of workers—chauffeurs, laborers, hodcarriers, or waiters.

It is also said there are branches for different trades, with a view to letting the police know what is going on in any shop or factory about which inquiries may be made.

The avowed purpose of the "secret service" is to fight anarchy and Bolshevism, and is said to have nothing to do with detection of crimes. It is said the activities of all branches of the Socialist party and the extreme radical organizations and "parlor Bolsheviki" are included in the surveillance.

One complaint made against some members of the American Protective League was that they displayed their shields in personal controversies and by threatening antagonists with arrest or unfavorable reports used their position for oppression. The result was that the first badges were called in by the Government and a new means of identification established which eliminated the words "secret service."

TAKE NOTICE!

The feature stories that have been published in this magazine are well worth reading, if you have not already seen them. The list is as follows:

NO.
1 THE EEL MAN, by Robert Carlton Brown
2 ZITANA OF MAISON ROUGE, by F. W. Doughty
3 THE MYSTERIOUS WEB, by Armstrong Perry
4 UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL, by Dr. H. Enton
5 THE SILKEN SHEATH, by Crittenden Marriott
6 A FORTUNE TELLER'S SECRET, by Gladys Hall
7 THE MYSTIC EMBLEM, by Marie Coolidge Rask
8 THE CARDS OF FATE, by William Goode
9 MR. BACHELLER'S APARTMENTS, By William Hamilton Osborne
10 THE INNER WHEEL, by Octavius Roy Cohen
11 THE VOICE OF THE VALLEY, by Robert C. Brown
12 THE SIGN OF THE SEVEN SHARKS, by Charles F. Oursler
13 UNDER A MASK, by Crittenden Marriott
14 CASE 4,444, by Gladys Hall
15 AFTER A MILLION, by Police Captain Howard
16 SHADOWING THE BLUE TRIANGLE, by Charles F. Oursler
17 THE CASE OF CAPTAIN FORTESQUE, by R. Ingalls
18 THE BIRD-HEADED SPHINX, by Edith S. Tupper
19 A DOUBLE MYSTERY, by Dr. Harry Enton
20 THE MAGICIAN DETECTIVE, by C. F. Oursler
21 KING COBRA MYSTERY, by George Gilbert
22 THE HAUNTED CORRIDORS, by Wm. H. Osborne
23 NO MAN'S MAN, by Maxwell Smith

NO.
24 THE TREVOR PUZZLE, by T. C. Harbaugh
25 THE TRAIL OF ROSES, by Edmund Condon
26 THE HINDOO VANISHING CLUE, by Pauline C. Rowe
27 WHO WAS GUILTY? by Beulah Poynter
28 THE EVIL EYE, by Chas. F. Oursler
29 THE THIRTEENTH DOOR, by Edith Sessions Tupper
30 THE GAME OF DETECTIVE CAREW, by L. Jerome
31 LAW-MAKER AND LAW-BREAKER, by Beulah Poynter
32 THE COUNTERFEIT HEIRESS, by Inspector John Harrigan
33 TRACKED TO CHINA, by Chief Roger O'Brien
34 AFTER THE GERMAN SPIES, by May Halsey Miller
35 THE CLUE IN THE BOX, by Alexander Douglas
36 TRAILED BY A FRENCH DETECTIVE, by Rene Renaud
37 A DROP OF INK, by Lieutenant Robert W. Warden
38 THE TEN DOCTORS, by Allan Arnold Fox
39 THE STAIN ON PAGE 61, by Chas. T. Jordan
40 A MASKED MYSTERY, by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 THE BLACK SOUL, by Beulah Poynter.
42 SANCTUARY, by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN SHADOWS, by Charles F. Oursler.
44 THE SIGN OF THE DRAGON, by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 THE MAGIC OF DETECTIVE WOO FANG, by Frank F. Whitfield.

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THE DUEL

By CAPTAIN WARREN RANGER

CHAPTER ONE

DOCTOR ARTHUR CRANDALL sat in his cozy office before a glowing grate, his feet incased in silk-flowered slippers, and the folds of an Oriental-looking dressing-gown gathered about his person. He was gazing at the glowing coals in the grate, as though they awoke memories of long, long ago. There was an abstracted look in his half-closed eyes as he leaned back in his great easy chair and half dreamed the thoughts that flitted through his mind.

His hair and mustache were white as the driven snow that whirled through the streets that night before Christmas. Otherwise the hand of time had touched him gently, for his eyes were clear, voice strong and full, and person as straight as an arrow.

His lips parted, and he spoke almost as one talking in his sleep.

"Poor St. Armand! He was a brilliant fellow!" and then lapsed into a profound silence again.

Another hour passed, and he was startled by a sudden ringing of his office bell, which seemed to jar upon his sensitive nerves, and to rudely dispel his communion with the dead past.

A servant went to the front door and opened it.

"Is Doctor Crandall in?" asked a voice, as a flurry of snowflakes came whirling into the vestibule.

"Yes, sir, in his office," answered the maidservant, pointing the way toward the door of the cozy little office in which the doctor had been so long dreamily dozing.

The new-comer walked in without removing hat or overcoat, both covered with snow, and confronted the venerable doctor.

Dr. Crandall looked up, arose and politely greeted his visitor with:

"Good-evening, sir. A cold night out."

The man gazed hard at the old, white-haired physician for the space of a minute or so in profound silence. Doctor Crandall turned and faced him again, the silence of the man surprising him.

"Arthur Crandall," said the visitor, "we have seen such a night as this before. Do you remember Paris thirty years ago?"

"Yes—yes; I was thinking of this very night, thirty years ago, when your ring startled me. Who are you?" and the doctor seized the stranger's hand in his right, and with his left removed the snow-covered hat from his head, revealing the face of a man about his own age, whose beard and mustache were liberally sprinkled with gray.

The two men eyed each other a moment in silence.

"Thirty years make many changes," said the doctor, after a minute's pause, "but I don't think it has changed your eyes much, Felix Durand."

"Ah! your memory is good, old friend!" exclaimed the other, and the two elderly men shook hands and looked at each other with the enthusiasm of youth.

"How can one forget anybody or anything connected with the events of thirty years ago in Paris?" the doctor asked. "Take off that overcoat, and sit down. Great God! this seems like a dream to me. It has been thirty years since we met."

"Yes," answered Felix Durand, as he shook the snow from his great-coat in pulling it off. "But I have never forgotten the scenes of that night and the next day. I was in the city, and when I saw the snow coming down to-night as it did on that memorable night, I wondered where were those who were there at the time. I knew you were in this city when I last heard of you, which was nearly twenty years ago. I turned to the City Directory, scarcely hoping I would be so fortunate as to find your name there, but I did, and here I am," and Felix Durand sat down before the glowing grate and extended his hands toward the fire as if to grasp more of its cheerful warmth.

"And I am glad to see you, Felix—more than I can express," returned Doctor Crandall. "Where are the others? Those who made the heads of those old Parisians swim thirty years ago? Poor St. Armand fell that morning in that duel in the snow, but Wharton, where is he?"

"Gone—gone! followed St. Armand, and by as tragic a way," replied Felix, as he gazed dreamily into the fire.

At the age of twenty-five, Arthur Crandall, a son of a well-to-do New York merchant, went to Paris to study medicine. The French medical colleges and hospitals were then, as now, the most famous in Europe, as giving a broader field for medical research to the inquiring mind.

On the way over he met young Felix Durand, from New Orleans, who was on his way to Paris on the same mission. Durand was some three years his junior, and was a fair type of the fiery young aristocracy of the Pelican State. The cool, calculating Northerner soon grew to like him, and the young Southerner returned his friendship with a chivalric appreciation.

They promenaded the deck of the steamer for hours each day, arm in arm, comparing notes and fostering schemes for the future. Both had liberal allowances of money from their indulgent parents, and both anticipated a good time in the gayest capital of Europe.

Crandall was a pretty fair French scholar, but Durand spoke the language like a Parisian. They conversed in French and enjoyed the mistakes the young Northerner made.

When they arrived in Paris they put up at an American hotel for a few weeks, and spent that length of time in seeing the sights of the capital, making acquaintances and paving the way to become students in the great medical college.

By the time they were prepared to enter upon their studies they were quite familiar with all quarters of Paris, and could find their way to any part of the city.

Removing to lodgings in the student quarter, they at once dived into the waters of medical science, and manfully strove to perfect themselves in their chosen profession.

But of all students in the world the medical student seems most given to adventure, not unmixed with mental excitement. At least the remark applies to medical students in Paris, for of all cities in the world the French

capital affords the broadest field for adventurous dissipation.

After the usual lectures from the professors the students would seek recreation until late hours in the various haunts of pleasurable dissipation in the city.

In one of these pleasure-seeking jaunts about the city, Durand and Crandall made the acquaintance of two young Americans, natives of Louisiana, whose family names were familiar to Durand.

Their names were Julian Wharton and Toutant St. Armand. They both knew by reputation the Durand family of New Orleans.

Of course under such circumstances it was natural for all four to become friends. They were constantly together after the lectures, and many were the adventures they enjoyed together under the glare of Parisian gaslights.

One afternoon they were strolling along one of the boulevards, feeling very jolly over the last bottle of wine they had consumed, when they heard a commotion some distance behind them.

Looking around, they were horrified at seeing a pair of magnificent steeds tearing down the boulevard toward them, dragging an open barouche in which sat a young lady almost paralyzed with terror. The driver's seat was empty, and the maddened steeds were plunging forward to certain destruction. The terrified populace fled out of the way, as though a pair of royal Bengal tigers were coming.

"My God, look at that!" cried Toutant St. Armand. "She will be killed!"

"Not if I can save her!" exclaimed Julian Wharton, dashing into the middle of the street.

In a moment St. Armand was beside him.

On came the careering steeds, threatening the destruction of the two young men.

In another moment they were upon them.

A cry of horror went up from the throng on either side of the boulevard.

The daring young men had grasped the horses' bits and held on with deathlike grips.

They were dragged half a block.

They were too heavy for the steeds, so they stopped and reared, plunged and pawed the air wildly in vain endeavors to shake them off.

But they held on, and gensd'armes came to their assistance. The horses were secured and the young lady's life was saved.

But, woman-like, the moment she saw she was safe she fainted, falling back on the cushioned seat as though she had suddenly yielded up her life.

Calm and collected, Arthur Crandall sprang forward, threw open the carriage door, lifted her in his arms and applied a small bottle of volatile salts, which he always carried with him, to her pretty nose.

The effect was magical. She gasped for breath, and in another minute or two was conscious of what was going on around her.

The crowd became immense; thousands of people came running up from every direction, and the gensd'armes had all they could do to keep them back.

But they soon learned that the two young men who had risked their lives to save the beautiful stranger were American students. They threw up their hats, with the cheery enthusiasm of Frenchmen and cried:

"Vive l'Americaines!"

"Monsieur," said the young lady, in French, "I am grateful!" and she turned a pair of large, lustrous brown eyes full upon Arthur Crandall.

"Not me, mademoiselle," replied Crandall, shaking his head, "but my two friends here"; and he looked at St. Armand and Wharton, who had come to the side of the barouche.

Both were handsome young men.

She looked first at Toutant St. Armand.

A slight wound on the forehead, from which a small stream of blood trickled, caused her to exclaim:

"Mon Dieu! You are hurt!"

"It is nothing—only a scratch, mademoiselle," said St. Armand, quickly. She extended her hand toward him.

He eagerly seized and imprinted a kiss upon it.

She blushed, withdrew it, and extended it toward Wharton.

Their eyes met.

Blood also trickled from a scalp wound on his head.

"Blood!" she exclaimed, turning still more pale, if possible.

"It was shed for you, mademoiselle," said Wharton, bending and imprinting a kiss on the pretty, blue-veined hand.

"Ma chere ami!" she exclaimed. "You would be gallant even in death. Are you much hurt?"

"I can feel no hurt," said Wharton, bowing like a French nobleman, "till I know that mademoiselle is unhurt."

"Monsieur is kind. I am unharmed—only frightened," she replied.

"Ma'm'selle—ma'm'selle!" cried a man in livery, rushing through the gensd'armes to the side of the barouche, "you are safe; you are not hurt?"

"No, Jacques, I am safe—these gentlemen stopped the horses," she answered kindly.

He was the coachman, who had been thrown from his seat, but escaped with but slight bruises.

He poured out his thanks in a voluble flow of French; but he was so excited that they could only understand about half he said.

Crandall had alighted from the barouche. The coachman had again climbed to his seat.

He was on the point of giving her his card when the horses dashed away, leaving the four young men standing there gazing after the vanishing vehicle.

"Oh, the deuce!" exclaimed St. Armand, a look of keen disappointment on his face. "She is gone, and we don't know who she is."

"That blockhead of a coachman ought to have been killed by his fall!" growled Wharton.

"He seemed anxious to get away," remarked Durand, who had remained a silent spectator of the adventure.

"For ten francs, monsieur," said a slouchy-dressed man, creeping up behind Toutant St. Armand, "I will follow mademoiselle's barouche, and——"

The fiery young Southerner wheeled and dealt the rascal a stunning blow on the ear, which sent him reeling back into the crowd of idle on-lookers.

"Ah, pardon me, monsieur," said the polite gensd'arme, "but I shall have to arrest you for that."

"Oh, what have you done, St. Armand?" exclaimed Wharton, who did not see the blow, though he heard it.

He explained what he had done and why.

"Served him right. Come on, I will go with you."

"So will I," responded the others, and accompanied by the gensd'armes, all four repaired to the prefect's office for that district.

CHAPTER TWO

THE American medical student was arraigned before the prefect, charged with having committed a breach of the peace by striking a man on the public highway.

St. Armand admitted the blow and frankly stated the provocation.

The judge was a man of high chivalric notions, and promptly discharged the prisoner. Said he:

"You undoubtedly committed a breach of the peace, but it was doing evil that good may come. I hope you hit the miscreant a hard blow."

The young Louisianian left the court room with his comrades.

"I am only sorry I didn't get a chance to punch that coachman's head," said St. Armand, wiping the blood from his forehead with his handkerchief, "as his haste prevented us from ascertaining who she was."

"I am quite sure that she is not French," remarked Julian Wharton.

"Why so?" Durand asked, in some surprise.

"Because I could detect just the slightest foreign accent in her tones," was the reply.

"She has the sweetest voice I ever heard," observed St. Armand.

"And the loveliest brown eyes," added Wharton. "Such a smile as she gave me! I never will forget it."

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" exclaimed Arthur Crandall.

"What's the matter?" Durand asked.

"Do you hear these two prating about eyes and sweet smiles? Believe me, we shall yet have something to laugh at. Their ears are beginning to lengthen already."

All four laughed heartily, and turned into the next street.

"Here is a drug store," said Wharton. "Let's go in and have our wounds dressed. This blood attracts too much attention on the street."

They entered the drugstore and called for the druggist. In France, and, indeed, in all European countries, no man can be a druggist unless he is a thoroughly educated physician. Knowing this, the two Americans yielded themselves to the care of the druggist and had their wounds dressed as neatly and expeditiously as the best surgeon in the world could have done.

They paid a small fee for the service, and then left the place, continuing their walk to one of the numerous little parks in that part of the city.

The next morning the city papers contained sensational accounts of the occurrence, suppressing the name of the lady, but stating that she was an American, giving great credit to Wharton and St. Armand for their daring and gallantry.

"Ah, I was right!" exclaimed Crandall, on reading the account; "I knew she was not French!"

"By my soul!" ejaculated St. Armand, "I would run the same risk again to find out who she is."

"So would I," added Wharton.

"You will both be put in straight-jackets if you don't think less of her and more of your studies," said Crandall. "You two kissed her hands and are half crazy about it. I held her in my arms and restored her to consciousness yet I am still sane, I believe."

They laughed and congratulated him on his success in keeping out of the madhouse.

That evening they visited the American club-house, a place over a café much frequented by medical students, where they drank several bottles of wine and played several games of billiards.

"Let's go to the opera," suggested Durand, after playing several games. "I am tired of this, and want to hear some good music."

"We are not dressed for the opera," remarked Crandall.

"True; but we can take a carriage, go to our lodgings, dress and go, can we not?"

"Yes, I believe we could if we made the effort," admitted Crandall.

"Then come on."

"We will be late."

"That's the style, you know. We are sovereigns in our own country," and laughing good-naturedly the four friends left the clubroom, called a carriage, drove rapidly to their lodgings, dressed and then hastened back to the Grand Opera House. They were given good seats.

The performance went on. St. Armand swept the boxes with his opera glasses, and after gazing intently for a moment or two at one central row, suddenly turned to Wharton and exclaimed:

"By Jove, Julian—there she is!"

"Who?"

"Our heroine of the runaway," he replied, gazing at the box in the central row where several ladies and two elderly gentlemen were seated.

Wharton glanced in that direction, clapped his opera glass to his eyes, and instantly recognized the fair young lady for whom he and his friend had risked their lives the day before.

She seemed more beautiful than ever, and his heart fluttered like a bird in its cage.

"Yes, it is she," he murmured.

"She looks this way," whispered St. Armand. "By heavens, she recognizes us—see that smile—ah!" and both young men returned the bow she gave them.

She had recognized them and they were happy.

She leaned forward and whispered something to the elderly gentleman at her side. The man turned and gave a searching glance at the four young men. He seemed interested in them as well as in what she was saying.

Suddenly he took out a note-book, wrote a few lines, tore out the leaf and gave it to an attendant in the rear of the box.

"That's an invitation," whispered Wharton to St. Armand.

"Oh! maybe he is her husband."

"Lord, no!"

Pretty soon the servant appeared behind them, and handed Wharton the note. It read:

"Come with bearer, and let a father thank you.
"JAMES HAMILTON."

Wharton handed the note to St. Armand, who read it with trembling eagerness.

"I don't want any thanks," he said, "but I do want to get acquainted with her."

"Well, let's go and tell him so," remarked Wharton.

They both arose and left Crandall and Durand in their seats, and followed the servant around to the box in the central row which was occupied by the Hamiltons and Judsons of New York.

On entering the box the young lady met them at the door, and extended a hand to each, her face wreathed in smiles.

"I am so glad to see you again," she said. "Papa read your names in the papers this morning, and had sent a man to find you. Papa, here they are, but I don't know which is Mr. St. Armand or which is Mr. Wharton."

"That can be easily found out," said the elderly gentleman, advancing and extending a hand to St. Armand. "My name is James Hamilton, of New York."

"And mine Toutant St. Armand of New Orleans," said Toutant. "This is my friend, James Wharton, also of Louisiana."

Wharton shook hands with Mr. Hamilton, and bowed profoundly to the young lady.

"This is my daughter Irene," said the father, leading Irene forward again. "I don't know how to thank you for——"

"My dear sir," interrupted Wharton quickly, "don't try to do it. The acquaintance of yourself and daughter calls for our thanks."

Irene laughed and said, speaking in English:

"Ah, you have been in Paris long enough to become courtiers, I see. You beat the French for gallantry."

"Have we not always done that, as a people?" St. Armand asked.

"No, indeed," she replied. "The French are the most polite people in the world."

"Ah, Miss Hamilton," said Wharton, shaking his head, "Paris has turned your head and chilled your patriotism, I fear."

"Right, my boy!" said the elder Hamilton. "Allow me to make you acquainted with Mrs. Hamilton, my wife."

The curtain soon went up again and they listened to the exquisite music. While he listened Toutant St. Armand kept his eyes on Irene Hamilton. He thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and lost his heart then and there.

The opera over, they saw her to the carriage and bade the family good-night, after promising to call on them at the hotel.

"Well!" exclaimed Crandall, when they rejoined him and Durand, "I feel very much slighted, as they are from my own State, too. Well, never mind——"

"Oh, she asked about you," said Wharton, "and made me promise to bring you with us."

"She is very kind, indeed, but I think I will keep out of danger by attending strictly to my studies," and he gave a low, quiet laugh as he lit a fragrant Havana.

Time passed, and Wharton and Toutant St. Armand became constant visitors at the hotel where the Hamiltons were stopping. It was soon evident that Irene was more gracious to St. Armand, and that her most loving smiles were for him.

Julian Wharton could not close his eyes to that fact. It stung him to the quick, and he suddenly ceased visiting at the hotel.

Crandall noticed the change in him; saw that he drank more deeply than ever; that he was becoming reckless, and that he avoided St. Armand as much as possible. Yet he said not a word to annoy him.

One evening he drank deeper than usual at the club-rooms. Scores of wealthy Americans were present as well as natives. He became very boisterous and wanted to mount a table to sing a song. Durand and Crandall held him down, thus preventing him from making a spectacle of his condition.

But it was plain that he was seeking the oblivion of the winecup, and his friends became uneasy.

Crandall remonstrated.

"I know you mean well, Crandall," said Wharton, "but it's no use. I can take care of myself. I don't care if I never see Louisiana again. I am reckless. Another bottle of wine, waiter."

Crandall shook his head. The brave young Southerner was throwing himself away with a vengeance.

In the meantime Toutant St. Armand was reveling in the smiles of the fair Irene. Every evening found him at her side in the salons of the hotel. People said it would be a match, and it was quite evident that the young lady's parents looked on with satisfaction. The St. Armands of Louisiana were a wealthy and aristocratic family.

But one day an accident happened at the hotel which wrought a wonderful change in the course of the young medical student's courtship.

Miss Hamilton was going up in the elevator when the machinery suddenly gave way. The immense elevator went down with a crash, and she gave a wild shriek and fainted into a deathlike unconsciousness.

When she was taken out it was not known whether she was dead or alive. The utmost consternation prevailed in the Grand Hotel. Physicians were hastily sent for, and after a long time she was pronounced alive, but very badly hurt.

Toutant St. Armand was almost beside himself with grief, but was not allowed to see her. He made daily visits to inquire about her, and was told that she was improving slowly, though the shock still affected her mentally.

One evening, to his great surprise and joy, she came into the little private family parlor, where he was, looking very pale, yet as lovely as ever.

"Irene, Irene!" he exclaimed, darting toward her with outstretched arms.

She stopped, looked at him in evident surprise, drew back and coldly asked:

"Who are you, sir? I am Miss Hamilton, if you please!"

He was thunderstruck.

Had the earth opened to swallow him up he could not have been more surprised than he was.

"Irene," he said in trembling tones, "I am Toutant St. Armand. Don't you know me, Irene?"

"No, sir, I do not," and then turning to her mother, asked:

"Who is this man, mamma?"

"One of our very dear friends, my dear," replied Mrs. Hamilton, her face very pale. "Mr. Toutant St. Armand, of Louisiana."

She looked at him in response to the introduction, and muttered as she turned toward her mother again:

"He is very familiar on short acquaintance," and then dropped listlessly down on the lounge.

Mrs. Hamilton saw the look of pain on Toutant St. Armand's face, and hastening to his side, led him into the recess of a window and said:

"She has not yet recovered from the shock of that accident. The doctors say it has entirely obliterated five years of her mental impressions—as it is ascertained that she does not know a soul whom she did not know five years ago."

St. Armand groaned in anguish of soul.

"Can they not cure her?" he asked.

"They say they cannot, as it is a case never heard of or read of before," replied the mother. "She seems rational about everything except occurrences in the last five years. She cannot remember anything of that runaway accident, in which you risked your life to save hers. We showed her your picture and Mr. Wharton's. She showed a decided repugnance to yours, and declared Wharton to be the handsomest man she ever saw."

St. Armand groaned again, and his face grew ashen pale.

"Has she seen him since the accident?" he asked.

"No; she does not know who he is any more than she does you. It is breaking my heart, dear Mr. St. Armand. It is simply awful," and she pressed a dainty lace handkerchief to her eyes.

Toutant St. Armand turned away sick at heart, and gave the woman he loved better than his own soul, a long, searching glance. She did not deign to notice him. Her immobile features remained placid yet indifferent, as regarded his presence there.

It was more than he could bear. He fled from the hotel like one bent on self-destruction.

But he went direct to his lodgings, meeting none of his acquaintances on the way, and locked himself in his room.

"It is all over—the dream has ended, and I am ruined,"

he muttered. "Yes, ruined! for I have no ambition for anything in the future. My God, but it's horrible!"

All through the long night he paced his room like a caged tiger. The morning came and found him sleepless, haggard-looking, but a changed man.

CHAPTER THREE

HE spent the day in his room, but when night came he went out, took a taxi and repaired to the club-house so much frequented by the medical students in that quarter of the city.

"Halloo!" cried Durand, on seeing him enter the cafe underneath the club-house, "here's a stranger. How are you, Toutant, old boy? Come and join us with this bottle of wine! Glad to see you."

Forcing a smile, he turned and joined Durand and Crandall. Seating himself at the table, he filled a glass to the brim with the sparkling wine, and drank it down at a gulp. "Bring another bottle, waiter," he said to the man in waiting.

"Why are you not at Le Grande Hotel to-night, Toutant?" Duran asked.

Toutant suddenly paled and gasped:

"Hush! no more," and made a deprecating gesture with his right hand that effectually silenced any further questioning in that direction.

Durand and Crandall looked at each other in mute surprise. They had believed that Irene Hamilton had accepted him and they were engaged.

But they respected his feelings and studiously refrained from making any remark about the Hamiltons. They soon had occasion to know how deeply hurt St. Armand was, for he drank like an old veteran, glass after glass of the sparkling wine. In less than an hour from the time he entered the cafe he was very much under the influence of his potations.

Durand whispered to Crandall to take him upstairs into the club room and the two arose.

"Let's go upstairs, Toutant," said Durand, cheerily. "There's a number of the boys up there. We'll have a game of billiards."

St. Armand made no objection, and they went up to the club rooms, where at least half a hundred were enjoying themselves at various games, but all more or less drinking light wines.

Julian Wharton was there, but as he and Toutant St. Armand were no longer intimates he did not go where they were, but remained at a table with a friend, playing whist and drinking deeply.

Before midnight both young men were in such condition that their friends were forced to call carriages and take them to their lodgings.

This was a frequent occurrence after that. Though they remained apart, Wharton had heard that Toutant St. Armand no longer visited at Le Grande Hotel, yet that did not cause him any displeasure. He had plunged into the deep sea of drink and cared not to get out of it.

It was on Christmas eve following the events just related, that a score or more of the medical students met at the elegant club-house to pass the evening. The snow was falling, whirling through the streets of Paris in blinding sheets at times. It was cold—very cold, and as the students entered the vestibule they shook clouds of snow from their great-coats.

To the Americans Christmas eve brought many memories of their beloved homes in the western world, when families united after the year's separations.

A long table was set in the center of the great parlor of the club-house, and a feast for the students set thereon. They were going to have a banquet in memory of their homes.

Crandall and Durand were the life of the party. They sang songs, gave toasts, and set the table in frequent roars by their wit and brilliant repartee.

Wharton was drinking deeply; so was St. Armand. They were on opposite sides of the table.

"Mr. Wharton will now give us a song!" cried Arthur Crandall, who was the presiding genius of the feast.

They all knew what a splendid singer Julian Wharton was.

"Yes; yes! Wharton—Wharton!" they chorused, beating the table with their glasses.

Wharton was in the humor to do anything. He was under the influence of the wine he had taken, so he readily complied with the call of his friends.

Clearing his throat, he sang as they never heard him sing before, and the applause was hearty and unanimous. There were certain sentiments in the song, which were not inappropriate to a man in St. Armand's frame of mind, and as Julian uttered them he looked across the table at Toutant.

Heated by the wine as he was, the fiery young Louisianian conceived that he was insulted.

With a face livid with passion, Toutant St. Armand filled his glass to the brim with wine, and flung it full in the face of Julian Wharton.

The company sprang to their feet in amazement, and with exclamation of surprise stared at the two, expecting nothing less than a tragedy then and there.

But with a sang-froid that astonished even the Frenchmen present, Julian Wharton bowed politely towards St. Armand and continued the song to the end as though nothing had happened to jar his feelings.

St. Armand, as if astonished at the nerve of his countryman, stared at him defiantly till he had finished.

Then it was that Arthur Crandall sprang to the side of Toutant St. Armand and pulled him away from the table.

Felix Durand seized Wharton and took him away to another room.

Wharton was overwhelmed with rage at the public insult that had been put upon him.

"My God!" he exclaimed, as he sank into a seat, "what an insult! His blood even cannot wipe it out!"

"He is drunk, Wharton," said Durand; "his apology in the morning will make it all right."

"No—no—no! he shall not apologize. He shall pay. He shall fight—fight to the death!"

"Of course you will have to challenge him," said Durand—for all Louisianians recognize the code—"but if he apologizes you will have to accept it."

"I will not. An apology on his knees would be an insult. No; you must go to him now, right now, and arrange for a meeting at sunrise."

"My God, Julian, don't be in such haste!"

"Felix Durand, are you my friend?" Julian exclaimed, springing to his feet and facing him.

"Yes, I am your friend, Julian Wharton," he replied.

"Then go at once. I will not write a line. Accept no apology; demand a meeting at sunrise. I will wait for you here."

Felix Durand went in search of Toutant St. Armand. He found him in charge of Arthur Crandall.

"Toutant," he said, "I come in behalf of Julian Wharton, to——"

"Yes—yes, I understand," interrupted St. Armand; "Crandall will act for me."

Crandall and Durand looked at each other in silence for a few minutes.

It was a delicate position for two such warm friends to be placed in, but they were equal to the emergency.

At a sign from Crandall they both left the room together, and walked arm in arm across the great parlor of the club-house. The score or more who had witnessed the insult watched them with breathless interest.

"Durand, this is really unfortunate," remarked Crandall.

"Yes—very."

"St. Armand is filled with undying hate against Julian, and demands that we meet at sunrise with rapiers."

"So with Wharton—only he did not mention the weapons."

"Well, that settles it then. Give me your hand."

They grasped hands.

"No matter how it ends, it must not end our friendship," said Crandall. "We only stand by our principals under a strict construction of the code."

"Yes—yes!" and Durand pressed the hand of his friend and turned away.

"At sunrise—rapiers!" was all he said as he rejoined Wharton.

"Thanks, my friend," said the Southerner. "We will go to my lodgings now."

They put on their coats and left the club-house together. Crandall and St. Armand soon followed.

The snow was still falling, the biting wind sending it in fitful gusts in eyes, ears and nose, and making one shiver dreadfully as he encountered it.

At his lodgings Durand left him, and went in search of a surgeon and a carriage, both to be ready at daylight to go to a certain spot on the Bois de Bologne.

He then returned and found Wharton writing.

"You must have sleep, or your nerves will be all unstrung," he said to him.

"No; I cannot sleep until after this insult is avenged," he said. "I will sit up and smoke and drink."

"I forbid you to drink another drop to-night, Julian Wharton! You can have a glass of wine in the morning, but not now. I am not a temperance man, but I know that temperance is best for you now. You have placed yourself in my hands. I am responsible for you, and must be obeyed. All this is the result of too much wine. Don't take any more to-night."

"I am in your hands, and must obey," said Wharton, "though a bottle or two through the night will not hurt us."

"Yes, it would. You must not touch it. You must sleep an hour or two; it will refresh you, and you will feel stronger in the morning."

He protested, though, that he could not sleep, and wanted to sit up all night. But Durand finally persuaded him to lie down.

To the great gratification of Durand he was soon sound asleep and dreaming. In his dream he went through a terrific duel, ending in a triumphant laugh, full of hate.

That laugh made Durand shudder with horror.

"My God!" he muttered; "I hope I shall not hear such a laugh as that to-morrow."

Just at daylight a closed carriaged drove up in front of Wharton's lodgings and stopped. The surgeon, with a pair of rapiers, was inside. The snow was several inches deep on the ground, and in many places it had drifted to the depth of as many feet.

Durand and Wharton soon joined the surgeon, entered the carriage and were driven off.

They reached the spot which had been selected just before sunrise, and found St. Armand and Crandall already there.

Alighting in the snow, Crandall and Durand advanced and shook hands, chose a rapier each, then proceeded to place their principals in position.

Both men threw off their coats and stood in their shirt sleeves in the cold winter air. Crandall and Durand stood apart. The two surgeons kept out of view in their carriages, ready to respond to a call for their services.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" Durand asked, in a clear tone, heard even by the surgeons back in the carriages.

"Ready!" they both responded.

"Then fall to, and may God defend the right!"

The keen rapiers met in mid-air, paused then for a moment, and then went through so many terrific motions as to render them for a time invisible to the eye.

"Clash—clash! swish—clash!" and still neither combatant was touched.

Around and around in the snow they trod, their eyes glaring undying hate to each other, each seeking to pass the other's guard, and thus give the fatal thrust. But both were skilled swordsmen and evenly matched, and a half-hour passed in fruitless endeavors to do each other harm.

At last Toutant St. Armand made a feint and passed the guard of his opponent, his rapier drawing blood from Wharton's cheek.

"Ha—ha—ha!" came from St. Armand's lips. "I beg your pardon, traitor!"

Suddenly, like a flash of electric light, Julian Wharton rushed in and sent his rapier to the hilt through St. Armand's body. Toutant staggered back. His rapier dropped from his hand. Julian followed him up with the hilt of his weapon pressed against Toutant's breast. He laughed.

"Ugh!" shuddered Durand. "The same laugh I heard in his dream last night!"

St. Armand reeled—Wharton following, holding on to his weapon—and fell dead in the snow, snapping Wharton's rapier as he rolled.

Julian Wharton calmly folded his arms across his breast and looked down at his dead antagonist.

Durand and Crandall advanced.

"It is all over," said Durand.

"Yes. I am satisfied," said Wharton.

"Come away, then. Here, put on your coat."

He put on his coat and followed Durand back to the car, which he entered and was driven rapidly away.

Crandall and the surgeon took up the body of Toutant St. Armand and carried it back to his late lodgings in the city, whence it was quietly buried three days later.

Julian Wharton disappeared from Paris that Christmas morning, and went to London, where he plunged deeper and deeper into the vortex of dissipation. They occasionally heard from him, but the mention of his name only revived the memories of that duel in the snow.

The Hamiltons, believing that Irene was the indirect cause of the duel, soon left Paris to spend the winter in Italy.

Durand and Crandall remained at their studies until they were satisfied, and then returned to the United States.

The former returned to New Orleans, and the latter to New York City.

It was thirty years ere they met again, and then on a blustering, snowy Christmas Eve.

"Died as tragical a death as St. Armand!" said old Dr. Crandall, in his cozy office the night Felix Durand called, after a lapse of thirty years. "Tell me, how did it happen?"

"It was horrible," said Felix Durand, with a shudder. "Seven years after that duel I married in New Orleans, and made the tour of Europe with my wife. We spent the Christmas holidays in Paris. The night before Christmas was just such a one as this; such a night as that in which St. Armand threw that wine. The memory of that duel came upon me so strong that I longed to go and look upon the spot, still covered with spotless snow, where it took place. I ordered a taxi and before sunrise was gazing at the places where you and I stood; where Julian and Toutant fought, and where poor Armand fell to rise no more. As I was about to turn away I heard that same sardonic, triumphant laugh that so startled us when St. Armand fell. Looking around, I saw a man stagger out of the wood, rapier in hand, and glare wildly around him. I was unarmed. He seemed to be a madman. His face was bloated—eyes bloodshot, and clothes seedy. He cried out in a clear, ringing voice:

"'Are you ready, gentlemen?'

"'Ready,' he responded himself.

"'Then fall to, and may God defend the right!' and with that he commenced thrusting at an imaginary foe. He fought long and fiercely.

"Suddenly he gave that laugh again which made my blood run chill, and ran around, holding his rapier out at arm's length, as though he had thrust it through the body of an opponent. Then, as if standing over the body of his dead foe, he folded his arms across his chest and looked down at the trodden snow. Suddenly he seized the rapier, turned its point against his heart, leaned forward till the hilt touched the ground, and fell upon it, the weapon going clear through his body. I ran forward in a terrible frame of mind, and looked into the face of the gasping, dying man. It was Julian Wharton."

"My God!" exclaimed the old silver-haired physician. "What an end for such a man!"

"I found two sous in his pocket. He had spent his last franc to buy the rapier with. I reported the case to the authorities and had him buried decently. It was the last act of the duel."

A BOILED WATERMELON

THE Filipinos, it seems, have more than one way of serving a watermelon. The melons grown in the Far Eastern Archipelago are small in size and inferior in flavor. Lieutenant Smith, stationed in one of the towns of northern Luzon, hankered for the juicy lusciousness of a melon from his own sunny Southland. So his family in Tennessee carefully crated a choice watermelon and shipped it to him by express. It cost him a good many pesos, but no matter. It was a beauty and arrived in perfect condition.

He instructed the cook to prepare a good dinner that very day; the splendid melon was to be served as a crowning glory. The provincial treasurer, the school teacher and the few Americans in the town were invited to partake of a treat that was to be a surprise to them.

The dinner went forward successfully; but there was much curiosity concerning the surprise that the host had promised his guests, and all eyes were turned frequently toward the door through which it was expected to appear. At last it came. The cook entered, bearing aloft an immense platter, and there came from the company a chorus of "Ahs!" The platter was placed on the table under a halo; no, a cloud of—steam. The melon was boiled, thoroughly boiled.

The quick rising of the host to his feet with the carving knife in his hand convinced the cook that he had better make the quickest exit possible, which was through the window, and involved a leap of ten feet to the ground. Reports from the second barrio on the road leading north were that he was still running when he passed through. Lieutenant Smith has not been able to smile about that watermelon yet.

GOLD SMUGGLED TO GERMANY

THE French police have discovered that for some time past a gang has been smuggling gold across the Franco-Italian frontier, as much as $40,000 in gold being thus spirited into Italy in return for Italian bank-notes. The *Matin* states that this gold is passed on into Germany.

A man named Grassi is one of the ringleaders in this illicit traffic. He had under him a small army of collectors, who, in their turn, employed cafe and hotel waiters, horse dealers and men whose ordinary vocation takes them through the country districts, to tout for gold. Peasant hoarders were offered as much as 50 per cent again if they would hand over their gold for French bank-notes. Bordeaux, Biarritz, Toulouse, Avignon and Marseilles were regularly worked, the intermediaries in the case of towns being generally second-hand art and jewelry dealers. The center on the Italian side is in Turin, and it is reckoned to have received since the armistice about $100,000 in gold.

All sorts of tricks are employed to get money over the frontier. Grassi did not despise the methods of the old cargo runners, and owes his arrest to the fact that an Englishman had his suspicions aroused by witnessing a mysterious meeting between two men on the shore, one of whom had arrived from the Italian side by boat. As for the railway, which is also largely used, the Customs officials have not time to search every traveler. The gold traffickers get across wearing buttons like ordinary people, but the buttons are twenty-franc or ten-franc pieces, covered with cloth. Others wear broad scapularies doubled, in which are sewn several hundred francs in gold. Others are women, with their dresses, their hair and their hats lined with the precious metal. Gold is also secreted inside the outer or inner hatband. A railway guard has been arrested who made use of his comparative immunity to take gold across the frontier.

Another trick employed was the following: Gold pieces were laid out in a box which had the appearance of a book. The bearer, on arriving at Mentone at the French Customs, hid the book under one of the cushions, and then got out for his luggage to be examined. A moment after a confederate who had been waiting on the platform and had already passed the Customs entered the compartment and took possession of the book, and went on to the Italian side, where he had only to hand over the gold.

A DETECTIVE'S TALK

By AN OLD DETECTIVE

IN a pleasant half hour's talk the other day with the head of a great detective agency of national reputation, I learned more about detectives than I have ever read or imagined in the whole course of my existence.

As all who have ever had any dealings with them well know, detectives in real life are very different from those in novels and plays. The stage detective is a neatly dressed, debonair individual, with mutton-chop whiskers. With the aid of wigs and false beards he assumes all sorts of disguises, which he suddenly throws off to disclose his real identity at the most unexpected moments. Dion Boucicault, in one of his plays, represents a detective, who is quite a young man, as making himself up for an elderly gentleman of sixty years, and going about holding conversations with people who know him well without being recognized. In many other plays and novels detectives are represented as doing similar impossible things. The cunningest hair-worker cannot make a wig or beard which will defy the detection of a keen observer in a bright light, and every actor well knows that it is impossible to paint upon the face the lines which simulate old age without making it perfectly plain to spectators near the stage that they are painted and not natural. There is nothing peculiar or distinctive in the dress or appearance of real detectives, and the famous one to whom I have alluded looks more like a respectable farmer than anything else. When I asked him how men become detectives, he replied that they don't "become" but must have a natural gift for the profession.

"Detectives must be born and not made," he continued. "Many of them first find out their aptitude for the work by some event occurring in their own private experience which causes them for the nonce to turn amateur detectives. That was the case with the late Allen Pinkerton.

"He was farming in the West, and was much annoyed by the depredations of a gang of horse-thieves. By the cleverest kind of detective work he at length succeeded in bringing them to justice and recovering his nags. His services were then sought by his neighbors in similar cases, and the final result was that he established the Pinkerton Detective Agency."

"What qualities are most essential in a detective?" I asked.

"Taint, coolness, courage, good judgment and self-control. The lack of any of these will debar a man from attaining the highest rank in the profession, though it may not prevent him from being fairly clever in some branches of it. I once knew and employed a very bright young fellow who possessed every requisite of a great general detective, save self-control, and the lack of that quality caused him to spoil some of his best work. I resolved to subject them to one of the severest of all tests of a detective's skill. I set him to try to extort a confession from a young woman charged with infanticide. In the course of many interviews with this girl he fell in love with her, as he afterward confessed to me, and blinded by his passion, he came to believe firmly in her innocence. He also formed a theory that she was not the mother of the murdered child, but had assumed to be to protect the reputation of her younger sister. Nevertheless, determined to do his duty, he persisted in his attempts to extort a confession, believing that the result would be the confirmation of his theory. He played his part so well that the girl broke down and was about to confess herself a murderess, when he, realizing the true state of the case, was so angry at finding himself thus deceived in the character of the woman he loved, that he broke out with such a volley of reproaches as forever sealed the unnatural mother's lips on the subject of her crime. As a consequence she was acquitted for the lack of direct evidence. This shows how important self-control is to a detective.

"Beside the qualities I have named, strong perceptive faculties are of great importance to a detective, as is also a power of generalization which will enable him to jump at once to correct conclusions from slight and seemingly trifling premises. A good, reliable memory he must have, that having once seen a face, he may be able to instantly recognize and 'place' it, no matter when, where or under what circumstances he sees it again. He must not only remember faces, but names, numbers and dates as well. There is no business or profession in which intelligence—both natural and acquired— counts for more. Knowledge of any kind may at some time prove useful.

"A detective must have good eyesight and good hearing, and especially such a power of quiet observation as will enable him to make a mental note of everything that goes on around him without seeming to do so. He must always bear in mind that appearances are often very deceptive. An innocent man wrongly accused will almost always appear like a guilty one, while a hardened criminal, under the most criminating circumstances, will readily assume the bearing of injured innocence.

"I can recall some striking illustrations of this, and of the utter unreliability of circumstantial evidence. One occurred recently in England. A farmer was tried at the Yorkshire Assizes for the murder of a peddler. The only evidence against him was purely circumstantial, and consisted of his having been the last person with whom the peddler had been seen alive, and in the fact that at the time of his arrest he was wearing a wig which was identified as having belonged to the murdered man. The accused accounted for the possession of the wig by saying that he had found it lying in the road on returning past the spot where he had parted from the peddler. His statement was not believed. The jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree, and the judge was about to pronounce sentence of death, when one of the spectators arose and, declaring the innocence of the farmer, proclaimed himself the real murderer. He fully corroborated the farmer's statement about the wig, saying that in the mortal struggle with the peddler, whom he had attacked within a few moments after the farmer had left him, the wig had fallen from his victim's head, but that in his haste to rob the dead man and conceal his body in the hedge he had entirely overlooked the circumstance. The real murderer was subsequently hanged for his crime.

"I was one night privately summoned to a fashionable club in New York, where a reputedly wealthy swell was believed to be cheating at poker.

"Though he indignantly denied the accusation of having

cards concealed about his person, he absolutely refused to permit himself to be searched or to display the contents of his pockets. When we came to search him by force we found no cards, but several ham sandwiches in his clothes. Losses in Wall Street and at the gaming table had so reduced him in circumstances that he had been obliged to give up taking his meals regularly at a restaurant or boarding-house and to buy cheap food, which he carried in his pockets and devoured surreptitiously when opportunity offered, preferring to deny himself in this way rather than to sacrifice his passion for fine dress play.

"A prominent English detective who recently visited this country to work up a case in the interest of the Bank of England, told me he was called to the South Kensington Museum, in London, a few years ago, to arrest a gentleman on suspicion of having stolen a very valuable old Roman coin, believed to be the only one of its kind extant. Upon presenting an official order he had been permitted to take the coin from the case, to which he had seemingly returned it after examining it for some time. But when the attendant was about to lock the case the coin was missing. The gentleman indignantly denied having it, and refused to be searched. The detective I have mentioned, by a forcible search, found the coin upon him, and was about to take him to prison, when, as the attendant was about to replace the coin in the case, he discovered the one belonging to the museum just where it had slipped out of sight when the gentleman restored it.

"It seems that there was another of the coins, and that the gentleman had purchased it, and had been anxious to compare it with the one in the museum, to establish its genuineness. Thus you see how black circumstances may sometimes appear against the most innocent person."

"What is the pay of a private detective?"

"It varies greatly. The usual charge of reputable agencies is $8 per day, of which the detective himself gets about one-half. Many men, after a little experience on the police force, or in connection with some agency, set themselves up as private detectives, and then they charge whatever they think they can get."

CHINESE DETECTIVES

THE Chinese possess no organized detective force, though the officials sometimes visit in disguise the scene of a notable crime for the purpose of making inquiries, and police spies are often locked up with remanded prisoners to try to worm out their secrets. The lower classes being intensely superstitious, the judicial investigation of crime usually takes place at night. The judgment hall is a lofty building of wood, unceiled and bare of furniture save for the raised dais at the north end, where is seated the presiding magistrate, attended by his secretaries, clerks and lictors. The only light comes from paper lanterns or cotton wicks in oil cups, which but serve to bring into prominence the weird shadows flitting about the corners and lurking among the woodwork of the roof. Silence prevails, the few spectators watching the proceedings standing like statues. The accused, dragged from the darkness and filth of a Chinese prison, is forced to kneel before the judgment seat throughout the trial.

Weakened by ill-treatment and appalled by his own superstitious imaginings, he often requires only a little judicious terrorizing to elicit a full confession of his guilt. If he prove obdurate witnesses are called. From these no oath or affirmation is demanded, the breaking of a saucer and other forms for administering an oath to a Chinaman laid down in English law-books being quite unknown in Chinese courts. Any hesitation or refusal to answer the magistrate's questions—for he is judge, jury, and prosecutor all in one, and no counsel for the defense is allowed—is punished by slaps on the cheek or the application of the bamboo to the thighs, and similar penalties more severely administered check the giving of false testimony. Should the prisoner, in face of strong evidence, persist in denying his guilt, various persuasive measures are resorted to, such as forcing him to kneel on chains, hanging him up by the thumbs or suspending him by the neck in a wooden frame so that his toes just touch the ground. All such tortures are illegal, but a confession has to be obtained somehow before sentence can be passed, and cases are many and the time for settling them short. Seldom can the stoutest rogue, or, alas! innocent man, hold out against such treatment continued throughout the night, and renewed at intervals.

When two or more persons are equally suspected of theft or the like, the magistrates often show great ingenuity in detecting the guilty. In cross-examination they are peculiarly skillful in obtaining damaging admissions, their suave manner deceiving the accused as to the importance of the point they inquire about so carelessly. Two instances of extra judicial methods for ascertaining the culprit deserve to be recorded. Some balls of opium taken from a piratical junk by a revenue cruiser mysteriously disappeared while being transferred to the latter vessel. Opium is very precious in China, and a ball is easily split up and secreted in the wide sleeves or the voluminous waistband of a Chinese sailor. The commander of the vessel was loth to institute a search of the ship and crew, knowing well the craftiness of his men, and that even if found the opium would most probably be in the bundle of some innocent man. He therefore resorted to a plan as simple as it proved effective. In his cabin was, as is usual, a shrine of the Goddess of Mercy and of the Chinese Neptune. Before these deities he instituted a solemn service, which was prolonged till evening. When night fell he mustered the crew and called them one by one into the dimly lighted cabin.

Here each man had to make solemn declaration of his innocence, kneeling before the images, and dipping his finger in a saucer of water, to smear his face all over, being warned that if he were guilty, the divinities would make his face appear streaked with black. When the thief's turn came, he tried to outwit the gods by rubbing his finger on the bottom of the saucer; but to his horror, when he reached the light, his face was all over black marks, the wily commander having held the saucer over a lamp before commencing the experiment.

When any article disappears from a private house and one of the inmates is suspected of purloining it, it is usual, before having recourse to the magistrate, whose underlings exact huge fees for doing anything, or nothing, to call in a priest and hold a communion service. This consists in invoking the evil spirits and bribing them by offerings and music to hound the culprit to death within the year. It continues for three days and nights—if the terrified thief does not confess and make restitution before that time, a result very frequently achieved.

Of late years Chinese newspapers on the European model have been started, and are well supported in the matter of advertisements. So now, the loser of bank notes or other portable property can, and very frequently does, announce his loss in good Chinese in the columns of one of the three leading dailies, offering suitable rewards for the recovery of his property and the detection of the thief.

LUCK *vs.* A COLD DECK

By LARAMIE JEFFERS

I HAD been on the Pacific Coast about five years, during which time I had tried nearly every kind of work; lumbering in Washington, salmon-fishing in Oregon and, finally, gold-mining in California.

I was fairly successful in the last-named pursuit, having struck a paying lead on the small claim which was owned jointly by myself and Hank Busby, a prospector whom I had run across in the mountains and who was with me when I discovered the vein which yielded such good returns.

Hank was a man of few words and we got on very well together; the only faults I had to find with him being his avariciousness and his love for gambling. Rumors had reached me several times of his skill and questionable honesty at poker, but as we rarely played together I did not bother myself to find out whether he was straight or not; he was a good miner and a hard worker and I was satisfied. If he occasionally fleeced a tenderfoot it was no concern of mine.

We had been working the claim for about three years when we decided to accept a liberal offer for our mine, made by a New York capitalist, and go East.

As we both intended to go to St. Paul first, we decided to go that far, at least, together.

The second day out from Portland there were but three passengers besides ourselves in the sleeper, and as the time was beginning to hang heavily on our hands we responded with alacrity to Hank's suggestion that we have a game of poker.

Two of the passengers were travelling men, the other was an elderly gentleman, evidently well-to-do from his appearance.

We had been playing a couple of hours, no one losing or winning any great amount, when I found in my hand four queens and one ace.

It was Hank's deal and my first "say," one of the drummers being between us.

The ante was a dollar and I simply stayed, the elderly gentleman on my left raising this a couple of dollars which bet was "seen" by the next man. Hank, after glancing at his cards again said, "I raise you ten dollars," at the same time shoving the money to the center of the table.

The ante man dropped out and, it being around to me, I said as calmly as I could, "I see that and go you one hundred better," and as the elderly gentleman made it good I felt jubilant to know that I apparently had some good hands against me.

"I have a pretty fair hand myself but I shall have to lay it down," said the other travelling man with a sigh.

When Hank raised my bet another cool hundred, though, a sudden suspicion darted through my head, "What, if I am being done?" Suppose those stories about Busby were true; would he, in his endeavor to fleece these other gentlemen, fleece me too. Why not? We were to part company very soon, probably never to meet again."

These thoughts came very rapidly and I became convinced that he had somehow run in a "cold deck" on us. Now, what could he have? As I had an ace with my queens he must have a straight flush or four kings and I decided that it was more likely to be the kings.

I saw his bet as did the old gentleman, and to Hank's question, "How many cards, gentleman?" I replied, "Four, please," and threw away my four queens. I knew that if he had the hands fixed, my queens were no good and my only hope lay in drawing to my ace. It was a bold move, but I couldn't bluff for he knew he had the best hand.

He was so sure of my hand that, as he dealt me my four cards, I saw that it was done mechanically and that he was really not conscious of the fact that I had drawn differently from what he supposed I would. The old gentleman stood "pat" and so did Hank.

I think I kept a straight face as I proceeded to look at my draw, but my heart thumped loudly and cobwebs seemed to be in front of my eyes. What a fool I was anyhow, trying such an impossible play!

The first card I picked up was the ace of diamonds, which I put with the ace of hearts I held. I heard the man on my left say, "I bet one hundred dollars on this hand," as I turned my next card and, to my joy, found it the ace of clubs.

The tension was very great but, although my feelings were in such a tumult, I felt that I was outwardly calm.

My next card was the four of hearts, and for a moment despair almost overwhelmed me.

"I raise you another hundred," said Hank.

Slowly uncovering my last card I had hard work to control myself; I wanted to shriek out in my delight, for the last of my draw was the ace of spades. I had four aces against his four kings, for that he had kings I had become convinced.

"My hand obliges me to raise you five hundred," said I.

"Confound my luck," said the old gentleman, "I know I have the winning hand but I am forced to lay it down; I'm out of it," and he leaned back in his seat with a look of disgust on his face. My old partner and I were left to fight it out, the others watching us intently.

Hank calmly placed five hundred dollars on the table and, emptying his bill-book, said, "I have but three hundred more with me but I raise your bet that amount."

"Very well," said I, "I will just see you then; what have you got?"

"I have got just enough to take that pile," and as he said it, Hank Busby laid down four kings and reached out for the stakes.

"Not so fast, partner," I exclaimed, "four aces are a little better than those kings, I imagine, and here they are."

I never took my eye off of him as I raked in my winnings and his face was a study; he looked completely thunderstruck but he said nothing, he was evidently afraid of giving himself away.

A comparison of hands found the old gentleman with a "jack full" and the drummer on his left with a medium flush.

A year afterwards I happened to meet Hank in St. Louis, and after we had been talking a while, he said, "By the way, what did you do with those four queens you held in that game on the train?"

"How did you know I had four queens?" replied I, looking him squarely in the eye.

THE WOMAN IN GRAY

By BENJAMIN CORY

PART ONE

I WAS on the trail of a counterfeiter—an adroit crook who had more than once eluded me just when I supposed I had tracked him to his quarry.

The trail had finally led me to a small and somewhat obscure seaside town, which was destined, however, to become better appreciated, and which, at the time, boasted quite a crowd of visitors—wealthy and exclusive people, who rather preferred to enjoy the briny winds and salty ocean baths away from the dissipations of more fashionable resorts.

"It is just the well-to-do and easy-going sort of town to promise successful operations for a cunning rogue like Pedro Gomero," I thought, as I sat smoking and meditating on the veranda of a newly-built hotel where I had transiently established myself as a summer traveler.

The veranda overlooked an undulating stretch of sandy beach sloping down to a rolling surf, which was sheltered on one side by a sharp promontory of steep and ragged cliffs, overgrown by rank grasses, and haunted by nesting gulls. On the other side there was a strip of prosy coast dotted with orchards, and farm-houses, and here and there the spire of some distant church.

As I sat there, engrossed with the view and a prime cigar, a woman came swiftly up the broad wooden steps and into the hotel.

Her appearance had been so sudden that I had scarcely noticed her. I had only the fleeting glimpses of a slim figure in gray from head to foot, of shining brown hair, and of the pale contour of youthful features.

But as I turned involuntarily the click of her light heels ceased; then there was a rustle of garments and a sound of low tones near the window beside which I was sitting.

The window was open, and through the fluttering curtains the interior of the room was quite visible to me.

On a sofa directly opposite sat a handsome young man, whose look and attitude impressed me as being singularly dejected and cynical.

His hands lay limp on his knees, his bloodless features expressed a vaguely bitter discontent with existence, and there were dark circles around his feverishly brilliant eyes, which were fixed in an unseeing stare straight before him.

At the sound of those low tones he had started with a gesture of some surprise, perhaps, but with what seemed reproach and abhorrence also.

"For what are you here?" he asked, in a voice husky with tremble.

"I am here because I want your help, Carl Wexlor," the woman answered, not without a certain timidity, as she seated herself on the other end of his sofa.

"You want help from me?—you, who have wrecked my happiness, my life?" he returned, and then, as if the sight of her had provoked an anguish intolerable, he flung himself forward on the sofa, his face in his hands."

"Money is not much to give, if by that one can help a fellow being from a misery worse than death," the woman answered, with entreaty blended with something not unlike desperation, as she bent toward him.

As she spoke she chanced to look toward the veranda corner where I still sat smoking, an indifferently interested auditor. As she perceived me, she arose, crossed the room, and closed the window with a little vexed movement, as if she resented my propinquity.

"They are doubtlessly settling some family unpleasantness," I thought, as I tossed away my cigar and presently started for a stroll through the town, where I believed I should speedily ascertain the whereabouts of my elusive counterfeiter.

But his description seemed identical with that of several who had been noted casually among the floating population of the small place.

A slight man of medium stature, with a rusty black mustache and closely clipped rusty black hair, with eyes of no particular expression or hue, and with an ordinarily thin and irregular physiognomy!—such a man any one might meet twenty times anywhere in a day's stroll!

"Well, then, have you among your recent patrons *this* individual?" I incidentally queried of the proprietor of one of the most frequented wine-parlors in the place.

And I produced the duplicate of a photograph which just then occupied a conspicuous niche in a gallery devoted to celebrities of Pedro Gomero's special distinction.

"Lord bless you, man," laughed the genial keeper of the Temple of Bacchus, "if that individual has grown his hair and beard, you wouldn't recognize him if he were your own brother; his whiskers would cover the knife scar on his right cheek, you know. I have a counterfeit ten in my till, though—it was passed to me by a girl!—a pretty girl in gray, who came here late one evening to get a bottle of port for some sick person."

I learned that not a few spurious tens had been exchanged for staples and good currency in divers places; and always by the same pretty girl in gray, who always came late in the evening and with the same pretext.

"My Pedro Gomero is just beginning operations; and to find the pretty girl will be to find him," I decided as I sauntered back for luncheon.

I had taken a little path which curved down and around the cliffs to the sea, and so along the beach fronting my hotel.

I was nearing the point of the promontory, and was walking down an easily descending ledge of grassy rocks with a fiercely in-coming tide thundering below, when I was checked by an oddly portentous noise upon the verge of the cliffs above me.

As I instinctively drew close to the bank and peered upward, I discerned two forms which seemed lingering perilously near the brink.

One was the occupant of the private parlor opening on the veranda of my hotel, and the other was the delicately-featured and low-toned visitor.

Whether her attitude was of pleading or threatening, I could not determine; whether she had stretched forth her hands to restrain him or to thrust him over, I had no time to decide.

For, even as I looked, he moved backward; and the next second he came tumbling and scrambling past me, and then he fell—a motionless, dark object—among the slimy stones and timbers in the very jaws of the thundering tide.

And in the same second a wild shriek echoed above the roar of the sea; the woman in gray turned a countenance—ashly pale and distorted by horror or passion—downward for an instant, and then vanished like a disembodied spirit.

To descend to him was an impossibility from my perch on the ledge, half way up the precipitous and slippery bank! I could only continue on my course until the path emerged upon the beach! And perhaps then I should be too late to aid him—if, indeed, any human aid would be availing!

And when I at length reached a spot where I could clamber down, he still lay—inert as the stones beneath him, and seemingly as lifeless.

And just then several persons hurried around the point of the promontory; either I had not been the only witness of the singular disaster, or else his companion on the cliff had summoned assistance with incredible celerity!

PART TWO

The foremost—a big, brawny man employed around one of the boat-houses—uplifted the bruised and unconscious form in his strong arms; and at the instant a girlish figure in gray distractedly rushed upon the scene.

Her head was uncovered, her shining brown hair in disorder, and her white face was drenched with tears.

Either the woman was innocent of his fall, or her acting was not to be surpassed.

"Oh, Carl, my love, I was unjust to you! I want your forgiveness before you die! Speak to me—tell me I am not the cause of this!" she cried, her voice choked with hysterical sobs, her hands clenched as if in an agony uncontrollable.

"He isn't likely to speak again, miss," the big, brawny man said, sternly. "And if he was, he couldn't tell anything likely to help you. From what was heard and seen, I and the others judge you pushed him over the bank yourself."

She did not seem to heed the awful accusation. Indeed, she seemed conscious of nothing except the ghastly presence of the unfortunate young man, who was breathing in faint and painful gasps, and who was senseless and perhaps dying.

Wringing her hands and weeping wildly, she followed us as we carried him back to his room at the hotel.

But she was not permitted to enter. At the threshold she was checked by an officer who had joined the melancholy cortege, and who had been informed of her connection with the tragedy. With a reluctance, either compassionate or assumed, he drew her back.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged to take you with me," he said.

And, like one too stricken and dazed to resist, she quietly allowed him to lead her away.

Among the crowd which had been attracted by the unwonted commotion was the genial wine-room keeper whom I had interviewed earlier in the day.

After a scrutinizing glance at the accused woman, he turned to me.

"If she isn't the pretty girl who passed me that counterfeit ten, then she must be her twin," he said, with conviction.

This assurance stimulated me to a new interest in the affair.

"If she is an accomplice of Pedro Gomero, she will attempt to communicate with him, now she is in difficulty," I thought. "I have only to intercept the message she may send, and I shall learn his whereabouts and surprise him in his disguise."

But the girl attempted nothing of the kind. She was like one too crazed with grief to realize what had happened to her. And at midnight her wild weeping was succeeded by a frenzy which threatened her reason itself.

The very violence of these demonstrations of grief seemed to me cause for additional suspicion against her, for a woman, once she has adopted a career of crime, always becomes prolific and proficient in arts to arouse sympathy, and even the more sagacious among them never seem to fear a possibility of overdoing the matter.

"She will get everybody off guard, and then she will slip away like an eel," I thought as I turned away from the building where they had consigned her to remain until Carl Wexlor became sufficiently conscious to condemn her or to liberate her.

The night was cloudy and sultry, and only a few dim lamps here and there lighted the street down which I was leisurely walking.

But presently, beneath one of these dim and flickering lamps, something flitted by like a shadow, and I started as I perceived a figure in gray speeding around a corner of a yet darker intersecting street.

There was no mistaking that lissome shape, that shining brown hair, that delicately pale contour of feature.

The prisoner had escaped, just as I had predicted she would do, and she was on her way to Pedro Gomero without a doubt.

Rapidly and cautiously I hurried after her, down the long, dark street, the length of a tortuous by-way, and so into the open country toward a little railway station beyond the town.

Never once did she falter in her astonishing pace, nor pause for a backward glance. She did not even hesitate and turn aside when hoofs and wheels suddenly clattered and rattled on the dusty highway just behind her. She obviously believed herself safe from any immediate pursuit.

The carriage, however, stopped abruptly beside her, and the occupant—a medium-sized man bearded like a Turk—leaped to the ground, and seized her with a no gentle grasp.

"So I was right in thinking you would come this way," the man begun with a savage oath. "Now you will get into the carriage, my lady, and come back with me."

The girl never stirred; her aspect was that of defiance, born of a last despair.

"If you force me back with you, I will denounce you! I have been your instrument of evil long enough," she said, desperately.

"I have a mind to kill you," the man said, menacingly, and yet with an inconsistent something meant to be mollifying in his tones; "but you know, Annie, I love you too well to hurt a hair of your head. Get into the carriage and let us have done with our bickering."

"I will not go back! You have cursed and beaten me once too often. I had rather you would kill me, Pedro, than live longer the wife and slave of a shameless counterfeiter," she answered, still in the resolution of utter despair.

Through a gap in a dilapidated orchard hedge I had crept unseen and unheard by either, until I could have put out a hand and touched her garments.

If the woman would not change her mind at the crisis—as women have a trick of doing—the crook was in my power. But, despite her desperate flight and all the wrongs he had done her, there was no certainty of her not turning like a tigress in his defense the moment she was aware of his danger. And so I deemed myself prudent to await the issue of their own warfare.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged to use a little gentle coercion, Annie," he said, with a jarring laugh, as he tightened his grip about her waist and drew her struggling toward the carriage.

My time had come. In an instant I was upon him and had hurled him like a feather to the ground.

And in her fright and amazement the woman had fainted; and so, in spite of his savage resistance, I managed somehow to slip the handcuffs over his wrists.

With the muzzle of my revolver persuasively close to his bewigged and somewhat stunned head, I prepared to march him back to the town, and in the midst of it all the mounted coast patrol galloped within sight and call.

The dawn was breaking when we reached the single police station of the peaceable little town, and the sun was rising when I at length regained my hotel. And I felt quite weary and satisfied enough to indulge in a protracted slumber, too.

"How is the unfortunate young man?" was my question as I went down to a long-delayed breakfast.

"He has some bad bruises and a broken rib or two, but he will recover. His wife is with him," was the answer, as at the moment the veranda room door opened and a slim woman in gray was visible beside the bed at the farther end of the apartment.

"His wife!" I exclaimed, in incredulity that she had been released, and that she was there so boldly and in such a rôle. "She is, by her own assertions, the wife of the counterfeiter I captured last night."

"See here!" said my interlocutor, peremptorily interposing as I made a movement toward the room, "if there is any error, it can be corrected without needlessly annoying a sick guest."

Considerably mystified, I submitted to his argument.

"But what error can be possible? Can there be two women in gray?" I asked myself, as some time later I hastened back to the building where my counterfeiter was awaiting my escort to the city.

"By whose orders was the woman released?" I demanded, irritably, of the officer in charge.

"I don't know, sir. We've got the right one fast enough, though," the simple-minded rural official replied, stolidly, as he unlocked a grated door and disclosed both the sullen Pedro Gomero and the woman, Annie, fast and safe enough, certainly.

And, with the noted counterfeiter secure in my custody, I did not care to waste time investigating what I had no authority myself to prevent.

And, besides, the confession of the woman, Annie, explained the whole mystery.

She had met Carl Wexlor just after his marriage with a young lady whom he devotedly loved. By her extraordinary resemblance to his bride the young man had been innocently entrapped into a compromising snare netted for him by Pedro Gomero.

An anonymous letter had enticed him into a midnight pursuit of a slim figure and a delicately fair profile which he believed those of his young wife, on her way to a rendezvous with a lover. The pursuit had led him into an unguessed trap, and then Pedro had pounced upon him with the black-mailing alternative of "money or scandal."

Carl had in contemptuous indignation declined the one, and had defied the other. He felt secure in the faith of his bride, even if his own momentary unfaith in her had inveigled him into such a predicament.

But the scandal had been inaugurated; and domestic unpleasantness had ended in an estrangement which had been peculiarly embittering and depressing to the misjudged husband.

But love ultimately had conquered the doubts of the young wife; she had repented a harshness she had become persuaded was unjust; she had come to him for pardon and reconciliation; and she had arrived at his seaside retreat at the moment when he was lying, seemingly hurt to the death, on the cruel rocks of the beach.

"But his fall was accidental; he was too excited to mind his footing, or to listen to my warning; and when I put out my hands to pull him aside he stepped back and went over," the woman Annie declared to me afterward, and his own testimony later entirely exculpated her from any guilty intent in the affair. "I had followed him because I wanted him to understand how sorry I was for being the cause of his trouble, and because I thought he would pity me and help me if he knew how miserable I was, and how desperately I was trying to get away from Pedro. I wanted money, and I thought he would be generous if he knew everything; but the sight of me only seemed to madden him. When he fell I felt as if I had killed him; in my horror I hid among the cliffs, and then I wandered about until I started for my flight from the town."

She seemed neither to regret her capture nor to fear her punishment. She seemed only grateful that she was no longer in the bondage of her hateful tyrant.

She was eventually released. But Pedro Gomero was awarded with a sentence which will hold him in duress for a score of years yet to come.

FLOWERS CHILDREN SHOULD NOT SMELL

HAY fever is relatively common in children, but the reason that this is not more generally known is that these attacks are usually mistaken for "colds," writes Dr. William Scheppegrell of New Orleans, President of the Hay Fever Prevention Association, in the Medical Record.

Sometimes a child that seems to have a "cold" is taken into a park or away to the country in the hope that the fresh air will effect a cure, and it is there exposed to further infection from the pollens of the plants that are chiefly responsible.

Besides the ragweeds, which at this time of year are the principal offenders, there are several other wild flowers that, though quite innocent when left alone, are likely to cause hay fever if applied directly to the nostrils by children. Among these Dr. Scheppegrell warns us especially against the daisy fleobane, one of the commonest of weeds. It grows from one to two feet in height, has light green almost toothless leaves, daisy-like flowers about half an inch wide, with a large greenish yellow disk, white rays occasionally lilac-tinged, shorter than those of the daisy and sometimes entirely absent.

Other flowers against which Dr. Scheppegrell warns are the dandelion, field daisy, blackeyed Susan, and others as the Composite family. These are harmless unless one sniffs their blossoms, in which case they are likely to start a hay fever that may persist well into the fall.

A DETECTIVE'S MISTAKE

A Serial Story

By GILBERT MACKEY

CHAPTER NINE

ANDY FENN CONTINUES UPON THE TRACK OF HIS GAME

THE table at which the couple sat was too far for the boy to hear what was being said. He therefore contented himself with watching the movements of the couple, awaiting his opportunity, which he hoped might yet come. He examined the man's countenance attentively. He was apparently a person of some forty years, or possibly forty-five. His features were almost totally concealed by the heavy beard which he wore, his clothes were worn and shabby to a degree.

Whatever may have been the subject of their conversation, it seemed to be a matter of great interest, both to his companion and himself, for every now and then the man would emphasize his words with gestures, striking his finger several times in succession upon the table when he wished to call the woman's attention to some special point.

Meanwhile the nautical individual who had trodden upon Andy's toes had seated himself at the table immediately in the rear of this couple, and seemed to have fallen asleep over a glass of liquor which stood untouched by his side. His head was bent low upon the blue woolen shirt that covered his breast, and every now and then there proceeded from between his parted lips an exceedingly audible snore.

The more Andy Fenn looked at the man with the beard the more certain he became that at some place and time he had seen those eyes before. Who was he? Cudgel his brain as he would, he could not think. There was an air of familiarity about the fellow; more than that he then could not say. Had he sat where the drunken sailor sat he might possibly now and then have caught a word. As it was, he could hear nothing, and had to content himself with what he could see.

Presently the bearded man leaned back in his chair, and rapping upon the table, called for drinks for both his companion and himself. As he did so his eyes fell upon Andy Fenn. A sudden start—a shiver seemed to pass over his frame. He leaned toward the woman and whispered a few hurried words in her ear. Then, without a word, or waiting for the liquor he had ordered, he hastily arose and left the saloon. For a few moments the woman remained quietly seated at the table. Then she deliberately arose, and pushing her way among the many tables and chairs, crossed the room, and sat down directly opposite to Andy Fenn.

"Hello, dude!" she said, with an engaging smile. "Am I following you or are you following me?"

"Neither one nor the other, I fancy," replied Andy, beginning to feel somewhat nervous. "Our paths seem to lie in the same direction to-night—nothing more."

Now that this woman had thus boldly addressed him, he began to wonder what he should say. Should he demand to know in what manner she came to be in possession of the ring of his friend? Somehow or other he could not make up his mind that this would be the wisest course.

"Didn't I see you in the Holly Tree Inn?"

"Like enough; I stopped there to get a bite."

"And in the 'Midnight Mission' in Bleecker street?"

"Shouldn't wonder; I stopped in there, too."

"And now you are here. Well, that's jolly; you're just in time to pay for my drink, for you see my fellow has run off and left me, and stuck me for his drink as well as my own. Here, Jennie, put those two brandy punches right down here. Did you see my feller give me the slip?"

"I should say I did," replied the waitress, pertly; "but what concerns me most is who's a-going to pay for these drinks?"

"Oh, this dude'll stand treat."

"That's the idea, is it?" replied Andy, becoming bolder. "Well, if you can make me out a dude in these togs. I don't know but what I will, but then, you see, I don't drink anything but beer."

"I'll keep the brandy punch, Jennie," said the woman, taking a sip; "you can bring the dude a beer and charge him the price of both."

Ruefully Andy thought of the remains of his dollar. There was no help for it. If he hoped to gain any information whatever from the woman before him he must meet her upon her own ground.

"What's your name?" he asked, as he paid for the drinks, and clinked his beer glass against her own.

"Bowery Mag."

"Well, Mag, here's lookin' at you."

"Same to you."

Both drank, and the glasses were restored to the table.

"What makes you think I've been following you?"

"Because you have. Everywhere I've been to-night you've been close behind."

"Haven't I a right to go into the Midnight Mission to pray as well as you? I was at the Holly Tree Inn when you first entered—you can't accuse me of following you there."

"Oh, praying be blowed! I didn't go into the mission to hear that old snoozer pray and cant, but to kill time and get inside out of the wet."

"Were you interested in his remarks?"

The woman laughed, displaying her teeth.

"Why, I can't say I was," she said, "for the fact of the matter is I went to sleep."

"And then you claim that I followed you here?"

"Didn't you? I saw you looking back at me from the front platform of the car."

"Well, suppose I did? Is there any harm in a fellow's being smitten by a pretty face?"

Again the woman laughed. Evidently this bit of flattery had not come amiss.

"Well, upon my word," she said, with a grin, "from the way you are rigged out to-night, I don't think I should

care to marry you. Why, I don't believe you've got a cent to your name."

"That's your opinion, is it? Well, don't be too sure."

"How much have you got about you now, if it's a fair question?"

"It ain't a fair question, and I won't tell you; but I have all the money I want, make no mistake about that."

"Well, your looks belie you, then. That's all I've got to say. Ain't you going to treat again?"

"In a moment. Who was that man with the big beard who just went out?"

"Blest if I know. I never saw him till I came in here. What's your name?"

"Ed Jones."

"Don't believe it."

"Do you suppose I believe yours to be Bowery Mag?"

"That's what I've been called of late years, at all events. Your Eddy Jones you just made up on the spur of the moment—come, Eddy, I have you there."

"Well, perhaps you have, Mag, but let us have another drink."

Andy rapped upon the table, the waitress reappeared, the glasses were refilled, and the conversation resumed.

Meanwhile the drunken seaman of the Powhattan had wakened up, drank his liquor, called for another glass, and, changing his seat to the table just behind Andy and the woman, had gone to sleep again.

As the glasses were raised to drink, Andy allowed his attention, with every appearance of an accident, to fall upon the iron ring which occupied a place upon the forefinger of Miss Mag's left hand, surrounded by three or four others of the flashiest kind.

"Hello, Mag!" he said, setting down his glass, and pretending to examine the ring with attention, "where in the world did you get hold of that? It looks just like a ring that belongs to a friend of mine."

"Is that so? What's his name?"

There was the least suspicion of precipitate haste upon the part of the woman as she put this question, which served to throw Andy on his guard.

"No matter—you wouldn't believe me if I told you. Where did you get that ring?"

"Suppose I won't tell you?"

"Perhaps I could make you."

"I doubt it. I've got the police about these diggings dead to rights."

"I don't say that I propose to try."

"You'd better not. Dude, I don't scare for a cent."

"But you have a kind heart. You'd go out of your way to help a fellow in a scrape—I see it in your face."

"You flatter me, dude. I'm not half as soft-hearted as you think."

"Yes, you are. I can read your kind heart in your face. Would you tell me where you got that iron ring, to save a life?"

For a few moments the girl looked at the speaker intently, and then burst into a passion of tears.

"Young man," she said, weeping bitterly as she spoke, "you are the first person who has spoken a kind word to me in years—since I left my mother—my home—long ago. Drink has been my curse; but, believe me, all feelings of humanity are not dead within me. I thank you, sir, for the words you have uttered."

She wept softly now, leaning her head upon her hands.

The heart of Andy Fenn was deeply moved.

That here was a sinner moved to repentance was plain to see.

And yet his words had been those of simple kindness only, spoken in a brotherly tone.

"Why don't you turn over a new leaf?" he said, kindly, laying his hand upon the woman's arm. "If I can help you I'll be glad to do so. Remember what the preacher said at the mission to-night. It's never too late to mend."

"That's very true," answered the woman, with a sob, "but without money or friends what I am to do? If that ring interests you, sir, for pity's sake buy it of me, and give me the wherewithal to start life over again."

Andy was lost in astonishment.

If this woman was so ready to sell the iron ring, then she must have come by it in an ordinary way.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, again taking her hand within his own and examining the ring attentively.

There could be no doubt as to its identity—no doubt at all.

It was the iron ring which had been lost by Al Constantine—the ancient seal of the Byzantine emperors of the East.

"I found it wrapped up in a piece of paper about a year ago in the street."

"You did? Where?"

"On South street, near Williamsburg ferry. There was a strange story written on that paper, too."

"A strange story!"

"Yes. It was about a man named Gaylord, who was found murdered in a hack."

The heart of Andy Fenn seemed to leap to his throat.

Had he unwittingly stumbled upon a clue which might lead to the acquittal of Al Constantine, his friend?

It certainly seemed so, but how was he to avail himself of it? He, who possessed not a cent to his name?

"What did the paper say, Mag?" he asked, breathlessly. "Tell me, if you would save the life of an innocent man!"

"It told of a plot to murder this Gaylord, and to fix the crime upon a young man named Constantine, by placing a banjo string in the hand of the murdered man."

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed the boy, "you don't say so. Place that paper and the iron ring in my hands, woman, and you will save from death on the gallows the dearest friend I have on earth."

"His name?"

"Al Constantine."

For a moment the woman seemed to hesitate.

"Young man," she said at last, bending forward, and speaking in a low whisper, "what you have told me opens my eyes to the fact that for some reason unknown to myself I have been made a tool of in this murder case by designing men. Now I am not as good as I might be, I must admit; but, bad as I am, I have no wish to be mixed up with an affair like this. Give me fifty dollars, and accompany me to my room, and I'll place both the ring and the paper in your hands, and will, moreover, tell you all I know in this matter of the Gaylord murder, which, if I'm not mistaken, will go a long way toward saving the life of your friend."

There was every appearance of sincerity in the woman's manner, and Andy was convinced that she meant what she said.

But the money?

There was the rub.

Save for the change of the dollar he had not a cent to his name.

Never since the sad change which had come over his worldly affairs had the boy so deeply regretted his poverty as now.

To give the woman the sum she named was as impossible as though she had asked for a million in gold.

He would parley with her further, and see what could be done.

"Suppose I give you the fifty dollars, what will you do?"

"Go away from New York, leave the great city and its many temptations behind me forever, and in some country town begin life anew."

"And the ring—will you place it on my finger, more as a guarantee of good faith on your part?"

"I will. I will put it on your finger the moment you show me you have the money to help me to give up the life I lead."

Andy inwardly groaned.

He had no money, nor was he likely to have.

Must he then allow this precious opportunity to pass?

At this instant he suddenly felt some one touch his left hand.

Now, as he faced Bowery Mag at the table, this hand hung negligently behind him, thrown over the back of his chair.

Scarce had he felt the pressure, and before he had opportunity to turn himself to see from whence it had come, he felt something thrust into his hand, and his own fingers pressed over it by the strong fingers of a man.

Mechanically he raised his hand so that the light shone upon it.

It contained a roll of bills.

Andy gazed upon them in astonishment.

He was unable to believe his eyes.

Who had thrust the money into his hand?

Not the drunken man-o'-war's man, surely, for he still sat at the table behind him, his head bowed upon his arms, snoring like a pig.

Not another soul was nearer than the distance of several intervening tables.

That it had been given him for the purpose he most desired it was entirely plain.

Andy Fenn determined to use it for that purpose, and look for the mysterious donor later on.

"Here's the money," he said, coolly raising his hand to the level of the table and displaying the bills before his companion.

Without a moment's hesitation the woman pulled off the antique iron ring and placed it upon the finger of the boy.

Andy handed her the bills, one by one, counting them out before her on the table.

They were five ten-dollar notes.

Fifty dollars, all told. No less, and no more.

"Come," said the woman, rising abruptly, "follow me to my room and receive that paper containing the true history of the Gaylord murder, and save the life of your friend."

She led the way up the steps of the concert saloon and out into the pouring rain.

Turning into Bayard street, and moving east, she motioned to Andy to follow, which he did without a word.

Where was she taking him?

He neither knew nor cared. He simply knew that upon his finger rested Al Constantine's iron ring, that this woman, whom he now fully trusted to fulfill her promise, both could and would furnish him with that which would save his friend from a dreadful fate.

Suddenly Bowery Mag paused before an old-fashioned brick house, and began ascending the steps.

"Come, sir," she said, looking behind her, "come to my room, and in one moment that paper shall be in your hands."

She opened the door and led the way into the house.

Unhesitatingly the boy followed her up the stairs to the floor above.

"It is as dark as Egypt here," she muttered, fumbling in her pocket and producing a key.

"Stand here one moment, while I go in through this room and open my own door and let you in."

She hastily opened the door at the end of the hall, and shutting it again so quickly that Andy had no opportunity to catch a glimpse of the apartment within, had disappeared.

The boy waited.

The darkness was entire; not a sound was to be heard.

Presently the street door below was softly opened and shut. But no footsteps were heard. If any one had entered, that person, be it man or woman, must be standing motionless in the hall below.

The moments passed. The woman did not return. Andy began to get nervous. He did not like this sort of thing at all. He was debating whether or not it would be a good plan to grope his way along the dark passage, and rap at the door through which the woman had disappeared, when the door behind him was suddenly thrown open, and a strong arm was thrown around his neck with a vise-like grip, and a hand clapped to his mouth.

"I have you now, you meddling fool!" hissed a hoarse voice in his ear. "Why in the fiends' name can you not attend to your own affairs and leave those of other folks' alone? For your spying to-night you die! Understand that! I propose to choke you where you stand!"

There was something strangely familiar about the voice thus thrust close upon the boy's ear. Powerless to resist, he uttered one low, gurgling cry, struggling manfully to get away from the strong grip of the man who held him.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Three sharp reports of a pistol were heard in the darkness, and the sound of footsteps bounding up the stairs.

"Unhand that boy, villain!" cried a firm, manly voice. "Harm but one hair on his head and you are a dead man!"

A scuffle, muttered cries, and Andy Fenn found himself dragged by the collar downstairs and into the street. The drunken sailor of the Powhattan, all breathless, stood facing him beneath the light of a neighboring lamp.

"The ring, Andy, the ring!" he exclaimed. "Where is it? For Heaven's sake don't tell me that you have let it slip, after all?"

Andy Fenn held up his hand. The ancient iron ring was gone!

CHAPTER TEN

TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

DID the reader ever stop to contemplate what must be the thoughts and feelings of a man upon trial for life? How every motion of the lawyers, every word dropped by the witnesses, every change of countenance by the jury must be observed, watched and duly weighed? In such a position as this do we now find Alfred Constantine.

Leaving the purlieus of New York, leaving the astonished Andy Fenn staring in astonishment at the drunken man-o'-war's man whose opportune appearance in that house in Bayard street had assuredly saved his life, let us betake ourselves to the court of the General Sessions before which the Gaylord murder case is for the second time being tried.

But we have not got rid of Andy by our change. Not at all. Our young friend is there, as large as life, and Detective Sim Scudder and Mr. Maurice Barrytown, gentleman of leisure, as well.

The detective, who has ever taken a most important in-

terest in this case, is seated among the lawyers inside the rail—Andy Fenn sits by his side.

A wonderful change has taken place in the appearance of the boy since we left him last night. Instead of the old shabby suit of cheap blue flannel, the legs and arms of Master Fenn are now covered with cassimere, as fine as the finest in the land.

The straw hat has also been shaken, a neat black derby having taken its place, and in point of linen no one could possibly ask for a better display, whereas last night it is doubtful whether the boy possessed any linen at all.

A most astonishing metamorphose, to be sure. And whence the change? Possibly at the hand of the mysterious donor of the five ten-dollar bills which fell so easy a prey to that versatile female, Bowery Mag.

As for Maurice Barrytown, he sat by the side of the prosecuting attorney, his wife, the sister of the murdered man, and Will Gaylord, the brother, being close at hand.

All three looked nervous and excited, and it was observed by the detective that Barrytown's excitement was especially marked.

"It's a trying position for Maurice, don't you think so?" whispered Andy Fenn. "Wife on one hand and his friend on the other. No wonder he looks nervous and shaky—I would if I were he."

"Would you?"

Sim Scudder seemed to be in a somewhat abstracted mood, for he made no other reply.

Meanwhile the prisoner had been brought in and now sat in the usual place, facing the empty benches soon to be filled with the "twelve men good and true" who were to pronounce whether he should live or die.

What! Can this pale and worn youth be Al Constantine? Can this be our jovial banjo player of a year ago. It is difficult to believe that a year could have wrought so great a change in the man. His hair is gray instead of black. His well-rounded form has shrunken away almost to a shadow; his great black eyes roam restlessly from face to face among the surrounding crowd.

Guilty or innocent, it is evident to all that the imprisonment of this unfortunate youth has told upon him to a fearful extent. Even to Andy Fenn, who had seen him nearly every day in his cell at the Tombs, the change in his personal appearance was now most marked.

"Don't he look terrible, Sim?" he whispered to the detective, who still remained in the same abstracted frame of mind. "I should hardly recognize him as the same old Al, had I not seen this change creep over him by degrees."

"He's badly broken, Andy. He's a different-looking fellow from what he was on that night of our little spree."

"Do you still believe him guilty, Sim?"

"Andy, I'm sorry to say it, but I do! or rather I did, for your unswerving faith in his innocence is beginning to make me doubt myself. It's a blessed thing for a man to have such a friend as you have been to Al Constantine, my boy, and I admire you for it. Let me tell you, such friendship is so rare, that never, during my exceedingly varied career, did I meet with another case."

There was a moisture visible in the corner of Sim Scudder's eyes, hardened though he was by a stern contact with the world. Evidently he would have given much had such friendship been bestowed upon him.

The calling of the court to order brought this conversation to a sudden end.

Briefly the district attorney stated the indictment, and the slow process of filling the jury-box began.

This, however, was accomplished with more than usual ease, owing, probably, to the length of time which had elapsed since the commission of the crime. By noon every juryman of the twelve were upon their seats.

Immediately following the afternoon recess the trial began. Officer Jones, of the Brooklyn police, detailed the discovery of the murdered man within the hack.

Mr. Barney McNulty, hack-driver, of the Chatham Square stand, told his story of his being engaged by Edson Gaylord to drive him to Brooklyn; of his discovery that his fare was dead upon his arrival at the house on Bedford avenue to which he had been hired to drive.

Sim Scudder himself was then placed upon the stand. By him the strange actions of the accused upon the ferryboat *Nevada* were made clear to the jury; also the circumstance of the broken banjo, the bass string of which had been found tightly grasped in the dead man's hand; also to finding the bass string missing from the banjo belonging to the accused.

The deer's-foot handle knife, by the way, had already been proven to be the property of Edson Gaylord himself. The supposition seemed to be that during the conflict between himself and his assailant he had drawn this knife, and, being snatched from his hand by the murderer, it had been turned with fatal effect against himself.

Maurice Barrytown then followed, his testimony corroborating that of the detective in every respect.

Samuel Jaques, a ferry hand, testified to the presence of the coach upon the boat *Nevada* upon the night of October 3, and also, which was deemed most important, to the finding of the missing tail of the coat Al Constantine had worn, lying on the deck in the carriage-way, not far from the spot where the taxi had stood.

But all this had been brought out upon the previous trial, as had the testimony of the next witness, John Dorris, keeper of the Holly Tree Inn. That red-nosed individual now took the stand.

(To be continued.)

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STRANGE EXPERIENCES

MYSTERIOUS FOOTFALLS

THE following uncanny incident happened to me on the night of Thursday, January 23d. I had been calling on a young lady, who since has become my wife, and was on my way home through a dark street when I heard footsteps following me. I looked back, but failed to see any one. Pausing under a street lamp, I waited. The footsteps came nearer and I distinctly heard them pass me and begin to recede. Yet not a soul was in sight. I am perfectly sane, never tasted liquor, and have acute hearing and sight. Although I never believed in ghosts, I must admit that a nervous, creepy feeling began to take possession of me. But I was not scared. I made up my mind to see if any one was playing a trick on me, so I ran after those ghostly footfalls and noticed that I was gradually gaining on them. When they sounded quite close, I heard them patter faster, as if running, and not to be cheated, I ran after them. No matter how fast I ran the sound seemed to keep just in advance. Lights from a store window ahead cut across the pavement, but I could not see anybody's figure outlined between me and the lights, as I should have done had there been anything material there. When I drew near the lights the footsteps slowed down, and I sprang forward and made a desperate grab at the air in an effort to seize the unseen runner. But I did not feel any substance. All out of breath, I paused in the light of the store window. Across the street a man was hurrying along whom I owed a grudge, and I was so excited I rushed over after him. He tried to escape, but I caught him and asked where he came from. He said he was across the street from me all the way up the block, hidden in the shadow of the trees along the curb, and admitted that he passed me and started to run, and saw me racing along on my side of the street. But by the time he reached a point opposite the store he slackened speed. An idea came into my mind, and I told him to go back. When he obeyed I returned to my side of the street, and sure enough I heard the mysterious footsteps close by, and knew it was only an echo of the man across the street. Further investigation showed me that that block was famous for its echo. To-day I'm cured of all superstition.

—CHARLES N. DRAKE.

WHAT THE MUMMY CONTAINED

WHEN the mummy of Rameses came from Egypt, I was one of the curator's assistants, and had been instructed how to unwind the bandages with which the dead man was wrapped. The wooden sarcophagus was placed on a pair of skids in a room at the museum, but it arrived so late the professor decided to postpone opening the preservatives until he had the light of the following day. In the meantime it was quite necessary to guard the relic and I was assigned to the duty of being locked in the room with the dead man to watch the mummy overnight. Armed with a book on anthropology, I seated myself at the center-table under the electric light and soon became absorbed in an interesting article on Senegambian monkeys. Toward midnight the porter shut off all the lights at the meter in the cellar, leaving me in darkness. I was annoyed, as it was essential to have light in order to watch the mummy, but, as the door had been locked and the key taken by the professor, I was a prisoner, with no way to get at the porter. There was one window, however, and a shaft of moonlight slanted through upon the grim old mummy on the skids. I walked over to the open coffin and peered down at the body. Swathed in bandages that were rotten and chocolate-color from old age, the outline of the head and shrunken features were clearly discernible. He had been a very old man when he died, centuries ago. A musty odor came from the embalming spices with which the bandages had been saturated, and I could trace the outlines of his skinny arms, which were crossed over his breast. It was likely that the scarabeus of his signet ring had been placed in a slit in his heart, and that organ had been replaced in the body when it was first interred. By this time the heart had probably vanished, leaving the scarab rattling loose inside of the mummy. I was aching to see the stone, and to make sure it was there I placed my ear against the mummy's breast, grasped the sides of the sarcophagus and shook it. Yes, there was the faint dull rattle of a hard substance inside of Rameses. The strong light of the moon showed me that the fabric wound around the trunk had parted, and I was so eager to get at the scarab that I thrust a pencil through the little fracture in the fabric and found it penetrated the body. I moved the pencil about until it clicked against a hard object, and was thrilled with the assurance that the stone was there. In my excitement I withdrew the pencil, intending to poke two of my fingers into the opening, when I felt a slight sharp shock go through the stick of wood. And as I drew it out, I almost fainted when I saw that a tiny coral snake had buried its teeth in the end of the pencil. Its fangs in my finger would have killed me in ten seconds, so deadly and quick acting is the venom of this tiny reptile. I have a hazy recollection of killing it under my heel, then lost my senses. Next morning the curator found and revived me, and learned what happened. I am now wearing that scarab in a stick-pin. It was presented by the professor as a memento of my narrow escape from death while guarding the mummy and is a constant reminder of the strangest experience in my life.

—W. E. D.

AN ODD STONE

A NUMBER of years ago, July, 1915, to be more exact, I received a phone call, in the drugstore at which I was working, in which a Mr. C——, rather well-known clubman about this district, expressed a strong desire to see me. He had heard of some of my work as a psychologist through a friend of his whom I had assisted a few years before.

As a result of the phone call I met him at his room, St. M—— hotel, that night about 10:30. Mr. C—— very cordially seated me, after the greetings, and pressed a most excellent Don Gaspar upon me.

We sat and smoked for a few moments, the clubman questioning me somewhat about past experience in the line of occultism.

In Mr. C——I saw a man genial, business-like, shrewd, capable, having a wide range of knowledge and considerable will power.

Presently he arose and rummaged in a bureau-drawer. From beneath some clothing he drew a small box, about four inches square, constructed of some smooth, dark, lacklustre wood. This he placed in my lap and bade me open. I did so, and saw a rough, brown stone, apple-sized, resting on green velvet which lined the box.

I lifted the stone out, and experienced a slight thrill, something similar to an electric shock, as I touched it. This caused me to gaze at the stone in a manner understood by students of the occult, in which the inner vision is brought to bear. I found a clean, light-blue radiance emanating from the stone.

Mr. C—— asked me what I thought of it, upon which I said that I believed it to be a talisman, either ensouled or linked (explanation of these two types is lengthy). It appeared to be composed of some kind of clay, with mixtures of iron, and it seemed to hold a considerable quantity of oil of rose.

The clubman then proceeded to tell me that he had found it in a trunk which, out of curiosity, he had bought at an unclaimed baggage sale. There was nothing else of interest in the trunk, mainly old clothes, but the box containing the stone was wound around with yards and yards of muslin.

After a slight hesitation, Mr. C—— related the following:

"When I unpacked the trunk and found this I at first put it aside, after my first examination, of course. But later I set it there on the table and sat looking at it, for some way it attracted me. I fell asleep, I guess—the hour was late—yet I was perfectly conscious of myself and surroundings. I was suddenly aware of a tingling warmth that seemed to emanate from the stone and increased in volume until it filled the room. Then there came a murmur which presently was distinguishable as the chant of many male voices. As the hymn rolled and swelled in volume a most remarkable clarifying of my mind seemed to occur. The world seemed stretched out beneath me and I was coming to an understanding of life, when it all faded. What explanation have you?"

I replied:

"This talisman was, I believe from what you say, consecrated in an occult lodge. You are evidently a little bit of a sensitive and the high concentration of the vital principle in the stone affected you. There is nothing evil in it, or I would have seen it in the color. Just do not allow yourself too frequent yielding to its influence."

I was about to depart when I heard a cat call in the hall. I opened the door and, calling to it, soon had a gorgeous Angora in my arms.

"That belongs to a woman on this floor," said C——, with a smile.

"Watch the effect," I replied, setting the cat on the floor and the box with the stone in near him.

What had been a soft, furry animal of spoiled vanity became a creature of bristling hair, unsheathed teeth and claws and hissing breath. With ears flat and tail twitching, the cat backed to the wall. I opened the door and, like a flash, it was gone.

A cat is extremely sensitive to psychic impressions and fears and display, almost, of occult force.

Mr. C—— has the stone still, I believe, and prises it very highly.

—CHESTER FLINT.

AN APPARITION

I WAS stranded in a small town in the middle west, without funds or friends to whom I might appeal. It was in the fall of 1918, and as the sun slowly sank in the western sky I could feel the biting air of the approaching night. Not wanting to sleep in a police-station or seek accommodation in a charitable lodging-house, I wandered along the main road leading away from the town. My aim was to find shelter for the night in a barn. After tramping until my legs grew weary, I was about to give up my search for a night's cover when my eyes fell upon an immence frame structure, standing some distance in from the road, and which looked to be deserted. For several minutes I kept my eyes fastened on this house in an effort to ascertain whether or not it had occupants.

A farmer, driving along the road, corroborated my suspicion that this was a deserted house, explaining it had sheltered no one for more than a year. He glanced at me suspiciously when I explained my reason for inquiring about the house, and merely drove away without further comment.

I waited until dusk before entering the house. The front doors were securely locked, as were the side and rear entrances to the building. A window on the foundation was open and this gave me access to the cellar. I soon found the stairway leading to the kitchen, and after roaming through the main floor I mounted a flight of stairs, the boards of which groaned with each step. On the second floor were four large bedrooms, and I selected the largest one for my sleep.

It was still light enough for me to distinguish objects in the room and, after assuring myself that the bed was in a satisfactory condition, I drew in the heavy wooden blinds and pulled down the shades. Then I lighted two candles that reposed on either side of a chiffonier and, feeling chilly, despite the fact that the windows were closed, I started a fire in an open hearth, the grate of which held a partly burned log. In a few minutes this log was burning merrily. So I whiled away an hour or more, during which time I thought of my immediate future and plans to fight the sudden adversities in life which had come to me.

As the flames of the nearly burnt log grew more dim, I crept into the bed, and in a few moments I was sound asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but suddenly I heard a man's voice chanting the Liturgy. It had fully awakened me, and as I listened I tried to locate the sounds. It seemed as though this chanting was in a nearby room, for the door in my sleeping chamber was closed. I listened attentively to the singing, which was of a rich baritone voice. Suddenly it came nearer to me and, feeling somewhat alarmed, I hesitated about arising to investigate this strange singing.

I never had a hair-raising experience in my life before, but with the next moment my hair actually stood out straight. A man's figure, clothed in pure white robes, withdered with white fur, came through the closed door, without its opening, and walked the full length of the room, passing my bed, until he reached the window, where he turned and retraced his steps. I sat up in the bed, frightened speechless, and watched the course of this figure. He passed out of the room and for more than five minutes after I heard his chanting. Then it grew more faint until I heard no more. I was weak from the tension of this weird experience, but managed to muster enough strength to arise and dress myself. Afraid that any moment I might see the figure return I sat on the bed, sleeplessly spending the remainder of the night. As dawn broke I summoned enough courage to leave the room and make a hasty exit from the house.

I went back to the town and sought the office of a newspaper, where I related my weird experience to the city editor of that journal. He, being one of those skeptical rural editors, who only believed in himself, told me in no uncertain tones that he did not believe my story and offered an opinion that I was suffering from some mental disturbance due to hunger. I told other people, whom I met in the town, of my strange experience. All of them laughed at the tale, and by night I was being looked upon with an air of suspicion by people on the street. I then resolved to make my retreat from this community and left at night on the bumpers of a freight train. I reached a city in Pennsylvania where I had some friends. In a short time I was working as a postal clerk.

One day, early this spring, I happened to find a copy of a paper from that western town and, picking it up, my attention was directed to a front-page article, captioned with glaring head-lines. It told of the appearance of a ghost in the very same house in which I had seen the nocturnal prowler. In this case two people, sleeping in different rooms, were disturbed by the spirit, and their description exactly fitted mine. The newspaper story was concluded with a note from the editor, in which he briefly narrated the details of my experience as I related them to him some months previous.

—JAMES G. KELLY.

PROPHECY FROM AN ENGLISH MEDIUM

SOME years ago, when I was editing a feature page on one of the large Southern newspapers, I received a letter from a woman who said she was a medium, and that she had received some messages she thought our paper should publish. Being interested in matters of this kind, I wrote to her to call. She came to see me, and told me many extraordinary things, and I soon felt sure that the lady was not altogether sane. Finally she volunteered to give me a reading and convince me. We were in a big, open office, where everyone could see. I begged her not to go off into a trance; somebody might not understand. She said no trance was necessary. She merely took a pencil and paper and talked to me of many things, while her hand kept writing away. She never glanced at what she was writing, nor ceased her conversation. This kept up for about half an hour. At the end of that time, she had covered many sheets of paper with writing, and she offered these to me as a personal message.

The writing was peculiar in one respect—that there were no spaces between the words. Otherwise, it was quite legible. With some difficulty I made out the message, and found to my astonishment that this woman, whom I had never seen before in my life, had bared some of the history of my former life, and had made some daring prophecies concerning my career in the next two years. For instance, she had written down prophecies as definite as this:

"You are going away on a vacation soon. While you are away, you will be offered a new position—a position in which you can do much traveling. You will not take the position, and that will be a wise decision."

Now, I submit, there was a definite prophecy—no hedging, no camouflage. Either the medium was right or she was wrong. It committed her definitely.

Before going on with the narrative of my experiences with her, I may state here and now, without equivocation, that the prophecy was actually fulfilled in every detail. About two months following this conversation, I came north on my vacation, and while in New York was offered a position as manager of one of the big shows, the route of which would have carried me from one end of the country to the other in the course of a season. It was the kind of an offer a man wants to accept. But I gave it consideration long enough to decide against it. And I have since had reason to know that the decision was a wise one.

But this was not the only remarkable thing which I saw this woman do. Her long suit was prophecy. She claimed that she was controlled by a disembodied entity, not a spirit of a person who had died, but the soul of a creature that had never been born, and the name of this creature was Leowyn. All the messages were signed Leowyn. By some faculty or other, Leowyn could look into the future and foretell things and events with the most disconcerting accuracy, and sometimes he would reveal things one was thinking with disturbing correctness. Another instance of his ability to do this will suffice to explain what I mean.

The medium got a message one evening, stating that there was to be a dream dreamed for me. That is, I could not dream the dream myself, for some astral reason not made clear. But someone else was going to dream it for me and tell me about it. "Leowyn says," the medium told me, "that the dream will come to you before May 3. That is two weeks off. Suppose we agree to meet on May 4?" To this I agreed.

Day after day passed, with no result. No one came to me and told me any dreams. I forgot to mention that the medium assured me the dream would be of such an astonishing nature that I would instantly recognize it, and that there would be no danger of my confusing the dream with any ordinary one. On this point she was very insistent.

The night of May 3 arrived and no one had told me any dream. As a matter of fact the prediction had gone completely out of my mind. Our newspaper had been "put to bed" as the saying goes; I had my coat and hat on, and my hand was on the knob of the office door. It was an hour and ten minutes after midnight. I was halted by one of the reporters calling my name.

"Say," he drawled, "you're a spiritualist, or know something about it, anyhow. I want to tell you a dream I had."

Whew! I felt shivery, for I knew that the medium's prediction was about to be fulfilled.

"Go ahead," I prompted the man.

"Well," he explained, "it isn't the dream itself that's so infernally queer as the strange triangle that it has formed. I never heard of any such thing in my life before. I dreamed last night that I shot my younger sister and then cut my throat with a razor. Night-mare? Well, I admit it sounds that way. But just listen. When I came down to breakfast, my older sister said, 'Bill, I had a queer dream about you last night. I dreamed I saw you cut your throat!'

"Holy smoke!" I exclaimed. "I dreamed I cut my own throat."

Before I could get over the shock of this discovery, my other sister came in, and cries out, "Oh, Bill! I had a terrible dream about you last night. I dreamed you shot and killed me."

There! What do you make of that? The medium could make nothing of it. She had predicted that someone would tell me a remarkable dream. They did. But why was it intended for me? Or was it, after all?

The woman I mentioned was an English medium of considerable reputation. The names, dates and other facts concerning the affair are available to anyone interested enough to want further details.

CHARLES F. OURSLER.

CURRENT NEWS

BOYLESS DANCES

Le Roy, Mich., girls won't associate with hard cider guzzlers. They let the male contingent of this village know that when they gave a dancing party without inviting any of the male population to trip the light fantastic. The reason, they said, was because a number of the boys come to dances jazzy. The girls say they had a "perfectly lovely" party because no one stepped on their feet or blew hard cider perfume into their faces. The young men of Le Roy do not appear chastened as yet, but the girls declare that they will continue to hold maleless dances until the youth of the village "reform."

FAMOUS WOMEN

The first hand that touched our American Rock of Ages —the boulder that we call Plymouth Rock—was the hand of a woman, on December 25, 1620. Well-grounded tradition has it that upon the litle Mayflower, nearing the shores of Plymouth, after its fearful voyage, the first of its storm-racked company to leap ashore were Miles Standish and Priscilla Mullins, the Puritan maiden. During the appalling hardships of the transit a maiden's love and faith had burned undimmed, cheering others in despair. Significant indeed that her trembling hand grasped first the rock of America's great future. She has been further immortalized by Longfellow in his "Courtship of Miles Standish."

COAL PUMPED FROM RIVER

Coal in the form of smooth, rounded pebbles has been discovered in large deposits in the bed of the Susquehanna River, where it flows along the base of Montour Ridge in Pennsylvania. Hydraulic dredges are being used for the operation of mining it, the buckets bringing up the little carbon lumps free from dust, of course, but mixed with mud, rocks, and sand. The conglomerate is automatically dumped into a sifting drum, which segregates and rejects these impurities. The coal, of very good quality, is then shoveled into barges which lie alongside the dredge boats. The cleanliness of this form of mining is a feature that appeals to the workers, contrasting strongly with other operations in the state.

HYPNOTIST ASKS $75,000

Hypnotism, clairvoyance and oil wells figure in a suit filed in the Circuit Court in Petersburg, Ind. Mrs. Minnie Herstman, who claims to be a hypnotist with power over Horace B. Willey, clairvoyant of Mount Carmel, Ill., is suing W. B. Bement of Terre Haute, an oil operator.

In July, 1917, she alleges, Bement was leasing oil and gas lands in Pike County, Indiana. By an arrangement with him, Mrs. Herstman hypnotized Willey, who revealed valuable oil locations. For this, it is alleged, Mrs. Herstman and Willey were to have received a one-sixteenth share of the oil and gas produced.

Mrs. Herstman charges that oil and gas were produced in such quantities that Bement sold half his interest for $600,000, but neither she nor Willey got any share. She demands $37,000 for herself and a similar sum for Willey.

BABY DROPPED FROM TRAIN

Dropped from the window of a train passing through Riverhead, L. I., at a rate of thirty miles an hour, a baby girl not one day old was picked up the other day and is alive and healthy.

Mrs. Bessie Wells and her brother, Frank Raynor, of Calverton, L. I., were standing beside the tracks at the Riverhead station when they saw something pass from one of the windows and fall within a few feet of them. They picked up an infant girl.

Sheriff Biggs of Suffolk County started an investigation and learned that the train had come from Camp Mills.

Later in the day he arrested Madeline Sprague, who, he says, admitted that she was the mother of the child. The woman was taken before Justice of the Peace Burnside, who held her to await the action of the Grand Jury. She was lodged in the jail with the child.

MONKEY BRIDGES CALLED A MYTH

From our school geographies we used to learn that South American monkeys cross alligator-infested streams by linking their tails and legs to form a living bridge. In school "readers," published as late as 1897 there are pictures of this extraordinary feat of monkey acrobatics. Prof. E. W. Gudger, in an article quoted by the Scientic American, attempts to explain the origin of this story, which is not believed by any recent explorers.

So far as it can be traced it was first told by Padre Jose Acosta in 1589. The first person to dispute its veracity was Baron Humboldt. Finally, Messrs, Leo E. Miller and George K. Cherrie of the American Museum of Natural History, who have done so much travelling and collecting in South America, suggest to Prof. Gudger that the story of the "monkey bridge" has come about through observation of a procession of monkeys crossing a ravine or stream on a pendant liana.

A WEATHER BUREAU FOR THE STREET CORNER

No matter what may be taking place in this big world of ours, the topic always foremost in the minds of everyone is the weather. Not only are we interested in the present state of the weather, but we also seek advance information from the weather man. And after all that is perfectly logical; for does not the weather materially affect our daily life and tasks, no matter what they may be?

There are many American communities where each citizen can be his own weather forecaster. Hartford, for instance, is one of them. In the center of that Connecticut city there is an attractive structure of stone and metal, containing quite a collection of weather forecasting apparatus behind glass windows, in order that they may be studied by anyone. Among the equipment is a precipitation gage, aneroid barometer, thermograph, humidity indicator and several types of thermometers. But that is not all; the apparatus occupies only one window, and the others are devoted to weather forecast bulletins, wind charts, storm warnings and other similar information from the Weather Bureau.

THE FATHER OF ALL FOUNTAIN PENS

A fountain pen made in 1864 is still in use in Paris. It was patented that same year by Jean Benoit Mallat, an engineer, and the firm that still carries on the business founded by him asserts that this was the first fountain pen ever made.

Mallat was the inventor of the gold pen with the ruby point, perhaps the easiest writing and most durable nib ever put on the market. But it is necessarily expensive. In 1843 Mallet substituted iridium as a point for his pens. At the same time he provided a reservoir for the ink. This was the germ from which grew the idea of storing ink in the handle.

Mallat's fountain pen differs only slightly from our modern ones. It was self-filling, but the flow of ink was regulated by a little turn-screw on the side. This, however, was soon given up, as it became clogged.

It would be interesting to know what was the date of the earliest patent on a fountain pen in America or England.

THE FIRST LIBRARY

The first library in America was opened at Harvard College 281 years ago. For over sixty years the Harvard collection of books was the only one of importance on the continent, but in 1700 a public library was founded in New York. In the following year the Yale Library was founded and in 1731 Benjamin Franklyn started a subscription library in Philadelphia, the first of its kind in America. The Library of the United States, now called the Library of Congress, was established in 1800, but was burned by the British in 1814. In 1851, when the collection numbered 50,000 volumes, the edifice was again almost destroyed by fire, although about a third of the books were saved. The Library of Congress of Washington now contains nearly two million volumes and is one of the finest in the world. The first public library recorded in history was founded in Athens in the year 540 B. C. England's first important library was that at St. Andrew's, established in 1411. The famous libraries at Cambridge and Oxford were founded in 1475 and 1598 respectively.

CAPTURES FAMILY OF WOLVES

Miss Rosa May Powers, sixteen years old, of Richmond, Mo., is the pride of all her girlish companions and the boys of the town are beginning to look to their laurels for bravery, for she has set a precedent in displaying nerve that even the boys admit will press them quite a bit to equal, not to say surpass.

Her particular achievement was to capture a mother wolf and her five little ones. Miss Bowers noticed the mother wolf in front of a den near her home and she returned hurriedly to her home, where she induced her grandfather to accompany her to the den. He tried to dissuade her from making the attempt to capture the animals, but she told him that she was not afraid of them.

Reaching the den the girl, small for her age, but strong and wiry, wriggled her way into the abode of the wild animals. She first grabbed the mother wolf and tied it securely in front of the den. She then carried out the little wolves and started home with her "catch."

The animals later were killed and Miss Bowers was paid eighteen dollars by the county court for bounty on them.

Her feat is the talk of several counties, and while it is usually fashionable for other girls to follow in the footsteps of one of their sex who does something extraordinary, it is doubtful if Miss Bowers has set a fashion that will be followed by the other girls.

CONDEMN BIG, ROUND SPECS

Big, round spectacle lenses were condemned at the recent meeting of the American Medical Association, on the grounds that they are too large and too widely separated and that they turn in their frames.

The New York *Medical Journal* says the latter is the really serious defect. The reason is that the majority of spectacles are made to correct a certain degree of astigmatism. The doctor carefully and accurately measures the amount and axis of this and prescribes glasses accordingly. His prescription may call for a lens for the right eye that is more powerful in the upper half than it is in the lower. The optician makes the glasses accordingly and springs them into their frames. They are held only by friction. Sometimes cement is put in, but this soon loses its power. Both oculist and optician warn the wearer to be careful not to turn the lens in its frame when wiping grease and dust from it. But the person is careless and soonor or later the lens is sure to be turned a little.

"Suppose they are rotated fifteen degrees, when placed in front of the eyes the wearer has his own astigmatism uncorrected and has in addition an equal amount of artificially produced astigmatism at another axis. If the rotation is exactly ninety degrees his astigmatism is practically doubled."

The remedy is either oval lenses or a key inside the frame that will fit into a slot in the lens. Several occulists have ordered such glasses, but they say that no optician will make them.

AN INDIAN STRATAGEM

Among the many interesting stories told by members of the Canadian mounted police is one that has to do with the cleverness of an Indian.

One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. A band to go in pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more till it entered a river, and headed for a little wooded island.

Smoke was rising from the trees, and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Piegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. At his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, glanced about him for a moment and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds, another Piegan came around the rocks and also went in; then another, and another and another. The Crees lay silently in the bushes, counting, till upward of fifty Piegans had come around the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last seventy men had disappeared in the cave, the superstitious and cautious Crees concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when re-enforcements came, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack that island.

That night, however, one Cree, less credulous than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave, he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rocks, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a single camp-fire, the ponies were gone and not an Indian was in sight. The ingenious Piegan thief, by making the circuit of the passage, and the end of the island seventy times, had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.

COUNTERFEITERS' WAYS

A favorite method of counterfeiting is to use silver coins of Central and South American republics, which are many times below our silver in value, and strike them off as United States coins under a powerful press which absolutely effaces the old designs. The new coins are silver, and they look all right. The only fault is that they are light in weight.

In the counterfeiting of paper money there are four principal methods. The first is the copying of notes by hand, putting every finest line and imitating every silk thread in the paper of the original with delicate pen and ink work. Some of these notes cannot be detected with the naked eye even by some experts.

Another way is the engraving of a steel plate from which the bogus paper is printed. The engraving must always be done by hand. Most of the men who have been caught at it have been expert engravers, often graduates of some government's Treasury Department. The Lupo-Morello gang, which was broken up some years ago, produced this class of work, which so nearly approximated the common bill of our daily circulation that for months the counterfeiters were not even suspected.

Photographic reproductions is a third favorite process of turning out counterfeit paper. At first thought it would seem that this would be absolutely accurate and that it would be most difficult of all counterfeit work to detect, but, strangely enough, it is not so. If it were the Secret Service might have a hard time of it, but as it is, the photoengraving process is not so good as the old-fashioned hand system. The camera reproductions are somehow weak and flat and can be easily detected.

The fourth method is the raising of genuine bills and notes—taking a $5 bill, for instance, and changing it to a ten. The numerals are erased in the corners and the blanks are then filled in so carefully that time and again bank cashiers and tellers have been deceived. It takes a good man a whole day to change one bill. Fives raised to tens are the most frequent offenders of this sort. The workman thus makes $5 a day. Considering the risk he takes it is not very much.

These, in brief, are the chief producing methods of the counterfeiters. There are two ways for them to get the spurious money into circulation—banking it or buying articles with big bills or coins and getting good money in exchange. The first is so dangerous that it is seldom done; with good counterfeits the second is surprisingly safe.

FISHING IN THE GREAT YUKON

According to the New York *Herald* the Yukon River is the one big, outstanding supplier of food in Alaska. Without it the Indians inhabiting the valleys along the lower stretches of the river would either have to move to the coast, go further inland toward the headquarters of the river or die of starvation.

Fishing goes on the year around in the Yukon. The summer catch of salmon is far the most valuable, but the winter ice fishing is most picturesque and gives the Indians variety from what would otherwise be a steady diet of dried salmon. Eels, ling, whitefish, pickerel and other species are caught.

The methods of ice fishing vary in different localities but the more important methods described by representatives of the Nation-Wide Campaign of the Episcopal Church are practiced between Anvik and Tanana.

While the ice is still thin holes are cut through it at the mouths of the tributaries of the Yukon and nets are set for the great whitefish which weighs from fifteen to twenty-five pounds.

Toward the end of November the annual migration of eels up stream takes place. Fishing for them is one of the picturesque and often exciting features of autumn life along the great river.

As the eels are able to move but slowly upstream against the swift current, news of their approach is passed from village to village and the Indians are ready and waiting for them when they are near.

The eels swim just under the ice. A large hole is cut through the ice and as the eels swim across the holes the fishermen jerk them out of the water. But little fishing gear is necessary. The Indian makes a sort of rude hook, consisting of a slender stick about six feet long at one end of which is tied at right angles another short stick about five inches long, making a sort of capital "L."

The fisherman passes the arm of the "L" under the long eel, jerks up quickly with the handle and the eel is landed, flopping and wriggling upon the ice, where it soon freezes. The day's catch is thrown into sleds and taken to the village. The run lasts only one or two days, but in that time an expert fisherman often catches one thousand pounds of eels. The flesh is good for the table, but the eel is more valuable for its oil, which is used for food and for lighting purposes.

The fish traps for ice fishing are not set until the winter is more advanced, but when the ice is frozen thick the traps are set in favorable places along the Yukon and in the smaller streams which empty into it. These traps are something like the American wire rat trap in construction, only much longer. They are from five to ten feet long and three or four feet high and cylindrical in shape.

The fish enters the trap, much like a rat, through a funnel-like mouth, a yard or two square, which runs down to a point in the trap, leaving just space enough for the fish to get through. Once in the trap there is no likelihood of the piscatorial prisoner ever escaping.

The trap is set with the current and is made fast by tying it to stakes driven into the ice. It is taken up every week or two, emptied and again lowered into the stream. The waters of the Yukon are very muddy and the fish cannot see the traps. The catch varies from twenty to two hundred pounds a week. Fifty pounds a week to a trap is a good average yield.

Traps are often set under ice that is from four to five feet thick. The work of picking out the hole is done by means of a rude instrument like a narrow chisel, fastened to the end of a stout pole. With this the Indian, with the temperature thirty degrees or more below zero, patiently digs through the ice.

Besides whitefish and pickerel, the ling is one of the more important fish caught. It is a large, smooth-skinned fish, similar in appearance to the cod and, like the cod, has an enormous liver which is rich in oil.

These Indian fishers along the Upper and Lower Yukon are gradually decreasing in number. The government had done litle or nothing for them. The Episcopal Church is practically the only Protestant Church with missions, schools or hospitals in that part of Alaska, and, handicapped by lack of funds and workers, it has been able to do very little to ameliorate the hard conditions under which the Indians live to a Christian civilization. It is hoped and believed that as a result of the nation-wide campaign of the Church to awaken her membership to the great duty and opportunity which confronts her in these days following the great world upheaval, funds will be realized which will enable the Church to build more schools, missions and hospitals along the Yukon and that men and women will volunteer to operate them.

NEW THINGS

Waterproof garments made of chemically treated cork are a new French invention, having the advantage over rubber of being porous and permitting ventilation.

After fourteen years of experimenting an Illinois mechanic has produced a bit that bores stars, crosses, hexagons, triangles and holes of several other shapes in metal as well as wood.

An Australian has invented a waterproof motor to drive brushes against the hulls of vessels to cleanse them without dry docking.

A Buffalo inventor has patented a machine to wind narrow rolls of paper for the backs of barbers' chairs from wider and cheaper rolls.

A low truck upon which a ton of hay can be cured in the field and easily moved is the idea of a Mississippi farmer.

Goggles for motorists and sportsmen have been invented that are suspended from the visor of a cap without any attachment for their wearers' ears or noses.

To afford a stronger grip on wires new pliers have handles that are shaped like a pistol stock.

An Englishman has invented apparatus to electrolyze sea water on shipboard to form a disinfectant.

A vocational school for its employees has been established in an Idaho mine 14,000 feet underground.

Its inventor has patented a pneumatic helmet composed of inflatable rubber tubing to protect babies' heads.

A thief alarm invented in Europe is small enough to be carried in a vest pocket and explodes a cartridge when any object under which it is laid is moved.

To afford a small amount of lights in a bedroom an incandescent lamp has been invented with a voltage reducer in its base.

Rubber artificial eyes invented in France are said to have other advantages in addition to being more comfortable to wear than glass ones.

For irrigating plants a Texan has patented a machine which congeals water into icicles and thrusts them into the ground, where they slowly melt.

A new tire pump to be fitted to automobiles has but three moving parts, valves and springs being omitted.

A single davit which launches a boat from a ship with a sling and automatically releases it as it reaches the water, has been invented by an Englishman.

Two Swedish engineers have invented a telautograph that can be used on either a short or long circuit without adjustment, or even on a telephone line.

A new transformer to permit a lighting circuit to be used for ringing electric bells screws into a lamp socket so that it will not be necessary to cut the wires.

A punch made like a hammer has been patented by a Cuban inventor for making holes in cocoanuts to extract their milk.

Of English invention is a machine for harvesting flax that, in passing over a field, seizes the grain in bunches, digs its roots out of the soil and conveys it to one side by an endless belt.

Hairpins the point of which interlock to prevent them slipping have been invented by an Englishman.

Including all the movements of the earth, a person travels 85,255 miles in taking a three-mile walk.

A Nebraska man is the inventor of a vacuum cap to be worn on the hand to help a pitcher curve a ball.

An inventor has combined a pencil-holder, ruler, comb, envelope opener and nail file in a single compact implement.

An Englishman has invented a device for automatically taking up the slack in aeroplane wires and keeping them taut.

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